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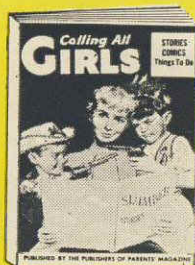
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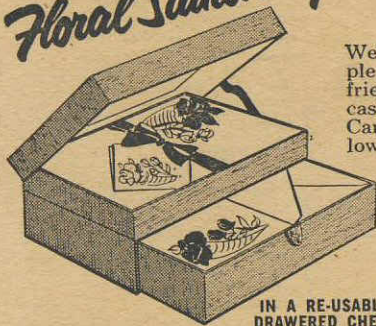


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Calling All GIRLS

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Published 10 times a year—monthly, except June and August. Subscription price: \$4.00 a year; foreign postage (except Canada and U.S. Possessions) 50¢ a year extra; subscription office: Bergenfield, N.J.



PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER
George J. Hecht
Publisher, "Parents' Magazine"

EDITOR
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CALLING ALL GIRLS, published monthly, except June and August, by "21" Publishing Corp., a subsidiary of the publishers of **PARENTS' MAGAZINE**. Publication Office, Nashville, Tenn. Change of address, giving old and new address, should be sent six weeks in advance to **Calling All Girls**, Subscription Office, Bergenfield, N. J. Executive and Editorial offices: 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Edw. A. Sand, Vice Pres. & Circ. Mgr. All manuscripts must include stamped, self-addressed envelopes. We can assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Subscription Price \$4.00 for 10 issues, 40¢ a copy. Title registered U. S. Patent Office, Vol. VII, No. 64, Oct., 1960. Entered as second class matter at Post Office, Nashville, Tennessee. Copyright 1960, "21" Publishing Corp. Printed in U.S.A.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

HI, THERE!

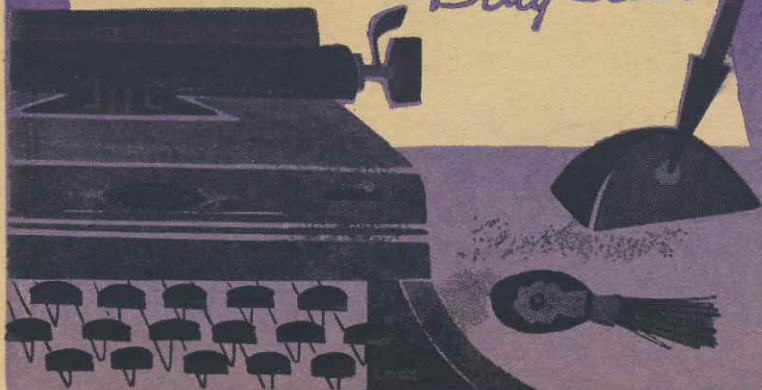
This issue brings you the first installment of an exciting new mystery serial, "Heiress of the R Bar D." It takes place in the West of today and involves some rather strange events on a cattle drive.

For those of you who are entering junior high school this month, you'll be particularly interested in "So You're Going to Junior High!" This informative article will give you many helpful suggestions about this important step in your school career.

There are many more interesting stories and articles in this issue, including how to make paper flowers and how to make casseroles!

See you next month!

Betty Sears





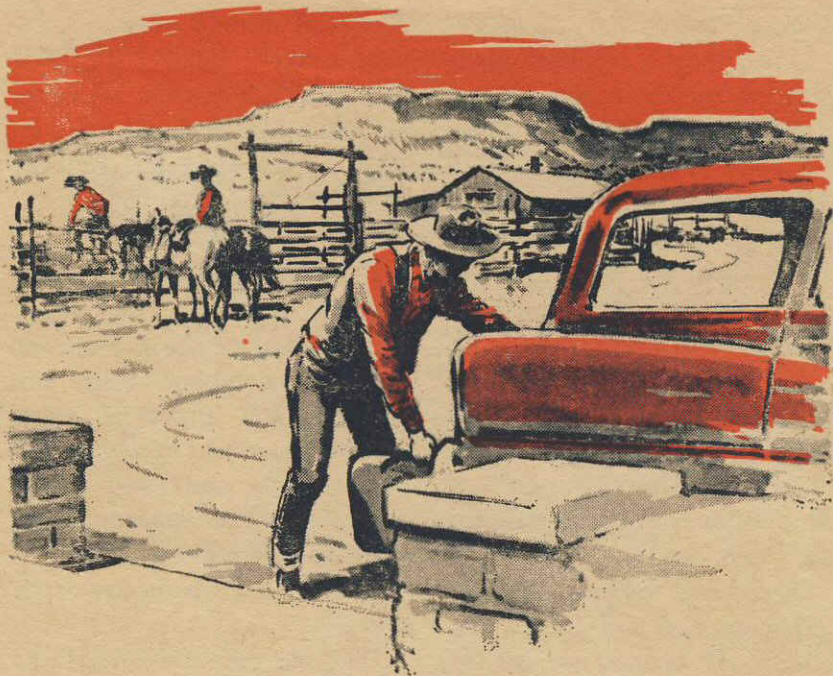
HEIRESS

An exciting mystery

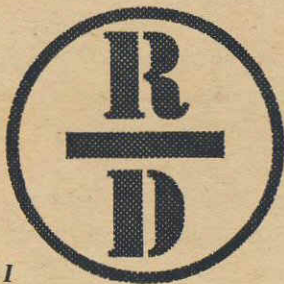
THINGS were bustling on the R Bar D ranch. Tomorrow the big cattle round-up would start. The ranch covered a thousand acres and it was no small chore to round up the cattle from the foothills and

draws and drive them down to the valley. From there they were headed back to the corrals, ready for shipping.

It was the one time on the ranch that Red Andrews really looked forward to. She could



OF THE



By ARLENE HALE

*She came from the
East, bringing danger
to the peaceful ranch*

serial in four parts—Part I

ride herd with the best of them and often helped Cookie with the work at the chuck wagon.

Now the most terrible thing had happened. Dad had just received a letter from Uncle Dan's lawyer in the East. Red's cousin,

Poppy, was coming in on the train today.

"I'm sorry, Red," Dad said. "I think you'll have to stay home from the drive this time."

"You're joking!" Red exploded. "Why can't I go? Just

because Poppy's coming here?"

"I'm sure she wouldn't want to go on the drive with us and it wouldn't be very nice to go and leave her here alone with Mrs. Wilson. She has no one in the world now but us since her father died. I want you to make her feel at home here. Treat her like a sister."

Red could just imagine what to expect. It had been years since she'd seen Poppy but it was a cinch she'd be as out of place on the R Bar D as a cactus in a pansy bed!

"But, Dad, the cattle drive!"

Dad sighed and folded the letter. He opened an official-looking document and tapped it thoughtfully.

"This is a copy of your Uncle Dan's will. He left his share of the R Bar D in trust for Poppy. But there's one clause that puzzles me. If something should happen to Poppy, the property goes to a Mr. Knox. That's strange."

"What about Cookie?" Red asked desperately. "He always expects me to help him."

But Dad was still thinking about his brother's will.

"Dan was never interested in the ranch. That's why he went

East and worked as an investment broker. But I'm surprised he would put such a clause in his will. The R Bar D has always been owned by Andrews people."

RED stomped up and down the room in her hard-heeled boots. At the moment she didn't care about wills and clauses. The important thing was that Dad was expecting her to stay here and keep Poppy company while everyone else went on the round-up.

"Now, Dad, about the cattle drive —"

Dad blinked and folded the will.

"I'm only doing what we must do," he said gently. "I'll have Cookie drive you to meet Poppy's train. Now chin up, Red."

Red slipped away from him and went to her room. She slammed the door hard. Of all the terrible things to happen, this was the worst. All for that impossible cousin of hers from the East!

A few minutes later, Dad knocked at the door.

"It's time to go."

Red tugged her wide-brimmed

hat down on her head and went outside to climb into the station wagon.

"Remember Poppy's had a hard time in the last few days," Dad called after her.

Cookie turned the station wagon around and grinned at her.

"Looks like we're due for a thunderstorm. You're all clouded up something fierce."

"Oh, be still, Cookie," Red snapped.

Cookie's eyebrows went up with surprise. Usually Red was good natured, although at times she had a temper that matched her red hair. They arrived at the station five minutes before train time. Red got out and paced up and down. Then she heard the train whistle and soon the shining engine ground to a halt in front of her. Red folded her arms across her chest and frowned.

THERE were several getting off but it was no chore to spot Poppy. She was smaller than Red, rather fragile looking and wore dark glasses. She was wearing something frilly and looked as cool as iced lemonade.

"You must be my cousin,

Janet Andrews," she said.

Red winced. No one had called her Janet since her mother had died five years ago.

"They call me Red," she said gruffly. "I'll have Cookie bring your luggage."

"Cookie? What an odd name."

"He's our cook for the ranch hands. Handles the chuck wagon on round-ups."

"Chuck wagon? Round-up?"

Red struck her forehead with the palm of her hand. Wouldn't this take the cake! She really had a dumb one on her hands. She led the way to the station wagon. She was so angry that she wasn't watching where she was going. She collided with a tall, black-mustached man who wore dark glasses.

"Look where you're going," he said gruffly.

"Excuse me!" Red replied.

The man walked away briskly without a backward look.

"I don't like that man," Poppy said. "He kept staring at me on the train."

"Maybe he knows you."

"Don't be silly, Janet. I don't know anyone but you out here."

"You hardly know *me*," Red pointed out.

"It has been a long time since I was here. I don't remember much about the West."

As Cookie drove them out of town, Poppy looked around her at the flat, wide sweep of land.

WHERE are all the houses?" she asked. "Doesn't anyone live around here?"

Cookie hid a grin. Red made no reply. Finally Cookie explained that most ranches consisted of hundreds of acres and therefore the houses and buildings were some distance apart. Poppy was curious about the sagebrush and the tumbleweeds, too.

"Good grief!" Red grumbled. "Didn't you ever see a Western movie?"

Poppy shrugged.

"I never liked Westerns. Never went to them. They seemed like a waste of time. I prefer musical comedy."

"Oh, brother!"

"Did I say something wrong?" Poppy asked.

"Never mind," Red replied.

When they were nearly home, Red sighed with relief. Cookie pulled up to a halt in front of the weathered, sprawling ranch house.

"How quaint!" Poppy said.

Red did a slow burn. The way she said it made it sound like a shack. The house wasn't fancy by city standards, but it was well built and could stand the rugged weather they had; the scorching sun in the summer and the freezing winds of the winter. Even sand had a hard time seeping in when a wind storm hit them.

"Be it ever so humble, it's home!" Red snapped back.

Poppy's chin lifted a little.

"How on earth do you stand the sun without dark glasses?"

"Out here you accept things as they are and learn to take them, that's all. Better leave yours on though; you'll sunburn your eyes."

Poppy stiffened. She reached up and with an angry jerk, ripped off her dark glasses.

"I knew you'd be impossible, Janet Andrews, but not *this* impossible!"

"I guess that makes us even," Red shot back. "I wasn't expecting this much of a snob!"

They stomped in the house, so angry they wouldn't look at each other. Red showed her the room she would use, thankful they had a spare one and she wouldn't have to bunk with her. Poppy went in and closed the



*Poppy sat up in bed,
wide-eyed and badly frightened.*

"I'm disappointed in you, Red," Dad said sadly.

Dad went to knock on Poppy's door and disappeared inside. He was back out in a few minutes, his face grim. He glowered at Red.

"She has been crying. Some welcome, Red!"

"I didn't really want to fight with her. But she's such a snob, Dad," she said.

Dad rubbed a big hand over his sun-tanned face.

"Well, she's going to nap for awhile now. But later I want you to really try and make friends with her."

"I'm not going to be wet nurse to every stray maverick that comes along!"

"You're going to do your best to make her happy here," Dad said evenly.

door with a loud bang.

"How did it go?" Dad asked.

"We locked horns, naturally,"

Red told her father truthfully.

Red sighed. When Dad got *that* tone of voice, he meant business.

"Okay. I'll show her around a

little later when she gets up."

"Good girl," Dad grinned. "I knew I could count on you."

All day the ranch hummed with activity. New men were riding in, ready to join the drive. Usually the extra hands were men that Red knew, but she spotted a couple of strangers this year.

She wandered outside with a heavy heart. She longed to be a part of this round-up. But there was no use in thinking about it. It was pretty obvious that she was hopelessly stuck

here with her silly cousin.

As she passed the bunk house where the hands stayed, she spotted one of the new men. He was tall and had black hair. He looked vaguely familiar but she couldn't place him.

"Hi," Red said.

"Hello."

"Who are you?"

"Vint Jamison's my name."

He hurried away inside the bunk house. Red noticed he was wearing new clothes and new boots. Somehow he didn't look like the rest of the hands.

Musical Glasses



Arrange eight glass containers in a row from left to right. Create the notes of the musical scale by filling each one with a different level of water. The higher the level of water in the glass, the higher the note when the glass is struck with a spoon or pencil. If you like, you may use water tinted with paints or vegetable coloring for a decorative effect.

Later, Red knocked at Poppy's door.

"Come in."

Poppy was sitting on the bed. A small, silver box about the size of a book was open beside her. When she saw Red she slammed the lid shut, locked it with a small silver key that she'd strung on a chain. Then the chain went over her head and around her neck.

"What's in that?" Red asked, curious despite herself.

"Nothing that would interest you," she replied. "Just something my dad told me to keep."

"Oh," Red said, swallowing a sudden knot in her throat. "I really am sorry about your father. I always liked Uncle Dan."

Poppy bit her lip and moved to the window. Red felt sorry for her. She hadn't been very nice to her, that was for certain.

"Would you like to come out and look around?"

Poppy shook her head.

"No, thank you."

"Look, if I don't be nice to you, Dad's liable to get that old bull whip of his after me."

Poppy turned to stare at her, eyes wide.

"He wouldn't!" she cried.

"Not really," Red laughed.

"Come on. I'll show you around."

Red hid a grin as she saw Poppy left her sun glasses behind.

The corrals were dusty and hot. The R Bar D's foreman, Otto Barabas, tipped his hat to them. Red made quick introductions. Otto's eyes flickered with interest.

"So you're Dan Andrews' girl. Sorry to hear about his death."

"Thank you," Poppy said in a weak voice.

She sounded so lonesome that Red felt sorry for her all over again.

"We're sort of busy right now," she explained. "They start on the drive tomorrow."

"Are you going with them?"

"I wished I was! But you —"

"Oh. I'm sorry, Janet. No wonder you weren't very glad to see me."

"Skip it. I guess there isn't

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much else to show you."

It was early when they all went to bed. The house was quiet but something awakened Red about midnight. She turned over and punched her pillow with her fist. Then suddenly, a high-pitched shrill scream brought her tearing out of bed.

It was Poppy! She collided with Dad as they both plunged into Poppy's room. Dad flipped on the light switch. Poppy sat in the middle of her bed, wide-eyed and pale, badly frightened.

"What happened?" Red asked.

"Someone woke me up. I screamed and he left through the window!"

"Did you get a look at him?" Dad asked.

"All I could tell was that he was tall and slender."

"I'll check outside," Dad said.

"Better look to see if anything's missing," Poppy said.

But everything was there. Red saw with surprise that Poppy had slept with her precious

silver box under her pillow.

Dad circled the house. The screen at Poppy's window had been unlatched somehow and lifted off its hooks and set aside so the prowler could get in.

"All's quiet," Dad reported.

"Must have been a burglar," Poppy said, shivering.

"Burglar!" Red exclaimed.

Dad gave her a quick look and she clamped her lips shut. Poppy didn't know that burglars seldom bothered the ranch houses because of the sheer lack of them.

"Get to sleep, girls," Dad said. "He won't be back now."

Red spied something on the floor under the windowsill. It was a pearl button of rather unusual shape, obviously off a man's shirt. The prowler must have lost it because it wasn't off any of their things.

Odd, the minute Poppy set foot in this house, strange things began to happen. Was it mere coincidence or was there some sinister connection?

Who was the burglar that broke into Poppy's room, and what was he after? Is there something very valuable in her little silver box? You won't want to miss the next installment of "Heiress of the R Bar D" in the November issue of CALLING ALL GIRLS.

TIZZIE Goes Into Business

I SURE WISH I COULD BUY THAT SKI SWEATER I SAW IN GRAY'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

SINCE YOU'VE USED UP YOUR CLOTHES ALLOWANCE, I GUESS THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN HAVE IT IS TO EARN THE MONEY YOURSELF.



LATER THAT AFTERNOON---

HOW WONDERFUL, JANE. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D GONE INTO BUSINESS.

YES, IT'S SO EXCITING. MY ONLY PROBLEM IS MY POOR DOG. I NEVER HAVE TIME TO TAKE HIM OUT WALKING ANYMORE.



HMMM, MAYBE I OUGHT TO START A BUSINESS. I COULD HAVE THAT SWEATER IN NO TIME. NOW, LET'S SEE, I COULD -- HEY, I'VE GOT IT!

SO YOU SEE, MRS. RICE, I'VE DECIDED TO GO INTO THE DOG-SITTING BUSINESS.

WHY TIZZIE, THAT'S A SIMPLY MARVELOUS IDEA. YOU CAN START RIGHT NOW BY TAKING HOMER FOR HIS MORNING WALK.



I HOPE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE HOMER, TIZZIE. OF COURSE, HE'S AS GENTLE AS A LAMB ONCE HE GETS USED TO YOU.

DON'T WORRY, I JUST LOVE--



--DOGS! BUT, MRS. RICE, YOU SAID HOMER WAS A DOG!

HIS FATHER WAS A GREAT DANE, AND THEY DO GROW A BIT LARGE. BUT YOU'LL FIND HIM VERY SWEET.

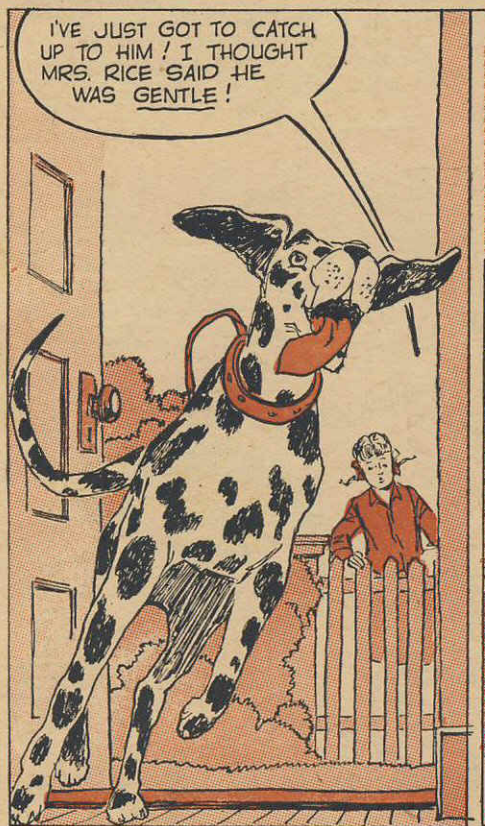
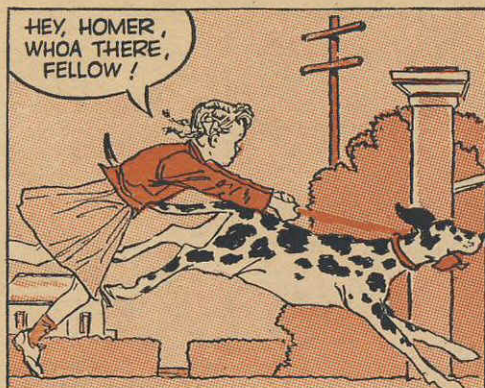


NOW REMEMBER, HOMER, YOU MAY BE BIGGER THAN I AM, BUT I'M STILL THE BOSS.



MMMM, THAT SURE SMELLS GOOD. GOSH, LOOK AT HOMER SNIFFING. GUESS HE KNOWS GOOD FOOD WHEN HE SMELLS IT, TOO.





THERE HE GOES. CATCH HIM BEFORE HE DOES ANY MORE DAMAGE.

I'LL SURE TRY. HOMER, HOMER, YOU COME BACK HERE!



...LATER

...AND I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOUR DOG SINCE THIS MORNING!

OH DEAR, I SUPPOSE I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT HOMER LOVES TO EAT AND JUST SMELLING FOOD MAKES HIM FRANTIC. OH, THE FRONT DOOR.



STARVED! HE'S ALREADY HELPED HIMSELF TO TWO OF YOUR NEIGHBORS' DINNERS.

BETTER WATCH THIS DOG MORE CAREFULLY IF YOU WANT TO KEEP HIM, LADY.

I'M SO GLAD HE'S SAFE. POOR DEAR, HE MUST BE STARVED.



TIZZIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HOME ON SUCH A BEAUTIFUL AFTERNOON? BUSINESS SHOULD BE BOOMING.

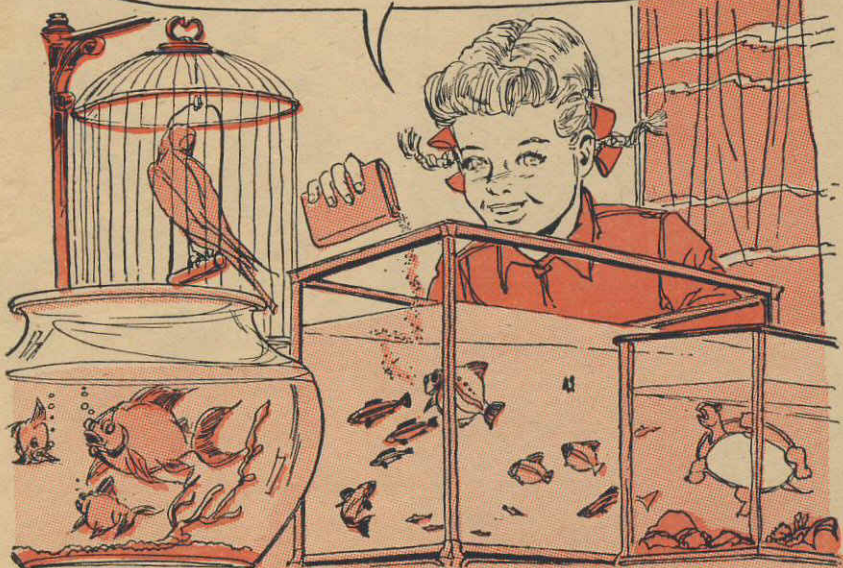
WELL, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED WITH HOMER, I'M NOT SO SURE I SHOULD GO INTO BUSINESS AFTER ALL.




DON'T BE DISCOURAGED, TIZZIE. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY YOU COULD HANDLE THIS BUSINESS. SAY, OUR NEIGHBORS ACROSS THE STREET ARE GOING AWAY FOR THE WEEKEND AND THEY HAVE A...



YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO PARENTS. THEY SURE COME UP WITH GREAT IDEAS ONCE IN A WHILE. NOW MY CUSTOMERS CAN NEVER GET AWAY FROM ME.







The annual frolic of witches and goblins is fast approaching, and here's just the party to celebrate it

HALLOWEEN Hi-Jinks

ATTENTION! All ghosts, goblins, witches and black cats, take warning! It isn't too early to start planning your Halloween activities, especially if you want to have a real old-fashioned party. The first thing you have to do is find a large tub; a wooden one would be perfect, but a plastic laundry tub would serve just as well. You'll need reams of black and orange crepe paper for decorations, plus some real pumpkins, about one for each two guests. Give your friends at least two weeks to get ready for your party because you'll want them to come in costume. Make each invitation from a rectangle of black construction paper, about eight

and a half inches by five and a half inches and some orange construction paper, about eight by five. Fold the paper in half so that

you have a four-page booklet with a black cover and orange pages. With an orange crayon, write "A Halloween Party" on the cover of your invitation. With black crayon, write on the orange pages the time, date and place of the party plus the important information that guests are to come in costume. Don't forget to include your name, so that everyone will know who their Halloween hostess will be on the festive occasion.



If you don't want everyone dressed as a ghost or a witch, you might indicate what costumes you'd like your guests to wear. This may not be convenient for everybody, so it would be more tactful to let everyone choose his own costume. But be sure that you let your friends know that they must wear masks!

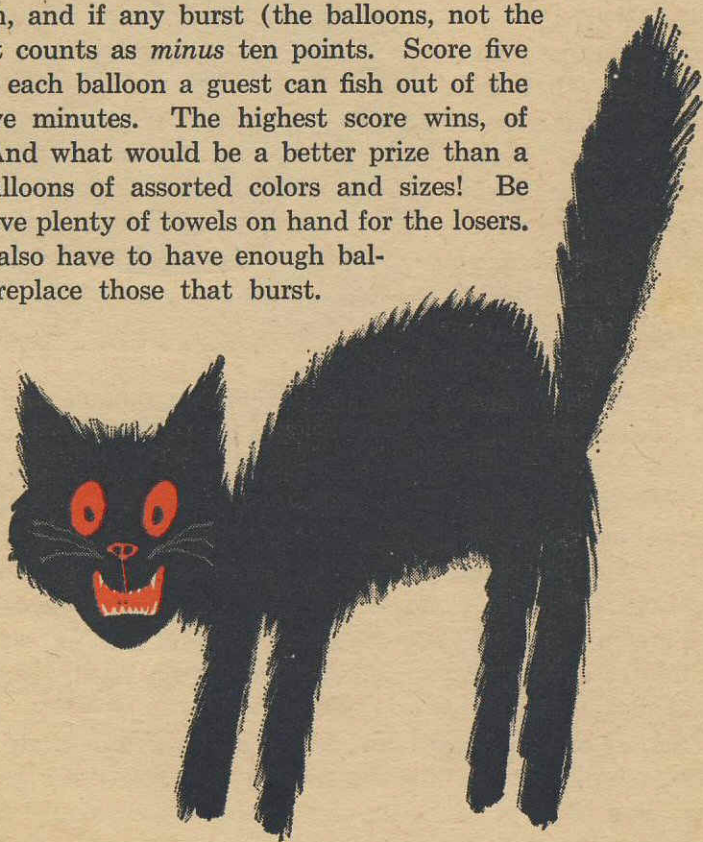
If at all possible, have your party in a room that can take a lot of damage. If your family has a playroom, that's fine. If not, ask Mom if you can use the garage or a neighbor's garage. Even if it means giving up a Saturday to clean it, it's well worth the trouble!

For decorations, use black and orange crepe paper streamers draped from wall to wall. Black and orange balloons will add to the decor, and have some extra ones to use in the games. If you want to, and if your budget will allow it, you can also have one or two large black paper cats or witches tacked up on the wall.

Now the room is ready and your guests are arriving. They'll want a few minutes to admire each other's costumes, and, since they're all masked, to figure out who's who. You might have a

prize for the best costume — a mirror. The fairest way to judge the winner of this contest is to let all the guests vote. You might even have a prize for the first person who can identify all the other guests, despite their masks. Since the winner of this contest has to be a good detective, award her with a small magnifying glass.

To get your party off with a real bang, get out that large tub and fill it with water. (Only half full, please; we don't want any floods!) Float about four or six inflated balloons in the tub and invite your guests, two or three at a time, to fish for them. Sounds easy? Not really, because they won't be able to use their hands. They have to fish the balloons out with their teeth, and if any burst (the balloons, not the guests), it counts as *minus* ten points. Score five points for each balloon a guest can fish out of the tub in five minutes. The highest score wins, of course. And what would be a better prize than a bag of balloons of assorted colors and sizes! Be sure to have plenty of towels on hand for the losers. And you also have to have enough balloons to replace those that burst.



If you're having ten or more guests, you can use two tubs. But those waiting their turn will have as much fun as the fishermen, so don't worry about it. You might shorten the time limit to three minutes — just about the length of a 78 rpm record or one song on a long-playing record. Mom can be the time-keeper.

Since this is an old-fashioned party, you must have a game of pin the tail on the cat. To liven the game up a bit, you might have a few balloons hung near the cat. Then when someone misses the mark, BANG!

For a quiet game, and one that will perk up your guests' appetites, give everyone an apple. Each has to carve a face on it, but she can only use her teeth! Everyone is a winner in this game be-

cause everyone gets to eat her creation, but the one who has done the best job, in the opinion of all the guests, should get something extra — a can of applesauce!

By this time everyone is really ready to eat, so bring on the refreshments. Apple cider and doughnuts are the traditional Halloween foods, but you may want to serve something more substantial. Witches' sandwiches, made from cream cheese and jelly on brown bread, and devil's delight, devilled ham on rye, will certainly be a hit with your guests. Top off the meal with the cider and doughnuts.

After the food has been cleared away, you're ready for more entertainment. But this should be a relatively quiet time. Why not have Mom or Dad read one or two ghost stories? If you can arrange it, have only enough light in the room for the reader to



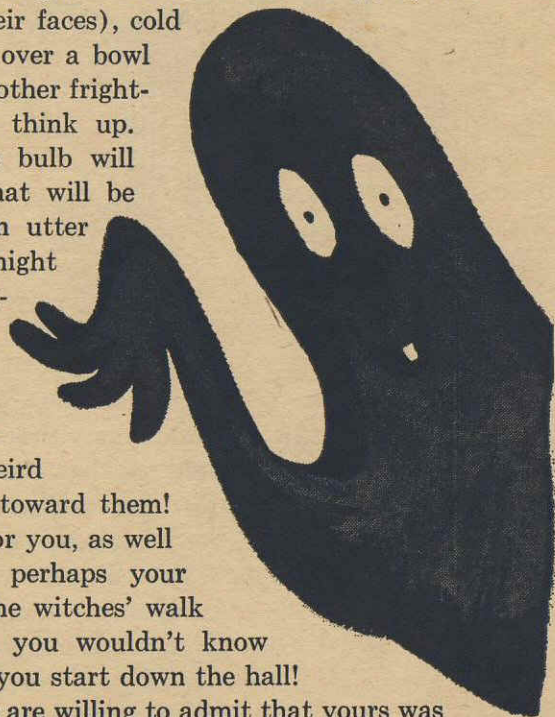
see — imaginations always seem to work better in the dark.

If that doesn't appeal to you, now is the time to make use of those pumpkins. To save time and mess, you might have them ready beforehand. Just slice off the top and scoop out the seeds and pulp inside. Provide each guest with a knife, but have them work in pairs — two guests for every pumpkin. See who can make the funniest jack-o'-lantern, the scariest, the one with the nicest smile, and so on. Let the guests judge the finished masterpieces, and award the winners with some modeling clay.

By now everyone is ready for an active game to bring the party to a rollicking close. What could be better, then, than a stroll along the witches' walk? Send the guests through a darkened hallway, two by two. There they will encounter such things as clammy hands (rubber gloves half full of water), spider webs (string dangling in their faces), cold winds (a fan blowing over a bowl of ice cubes) and any other frightening tricks you can think up. A small blue electric bulb will give an eerie light that will be even more scary than utter darkness, and you might add to the fun by putting a large mirror at the opposite end of the hall. The guests, in costume, will think that some pretty weird creatures are coming toward them!

To make this fun for you, as well as for your guests, perhaps your father could set up the witches' walk for you. Then even you wouldn't know what to expect when you start down the hall!

By now your guests are willing to admit that yours was a great party, and you've had fun, too. What more can a hostess ask!



WAS MY FACE RED!

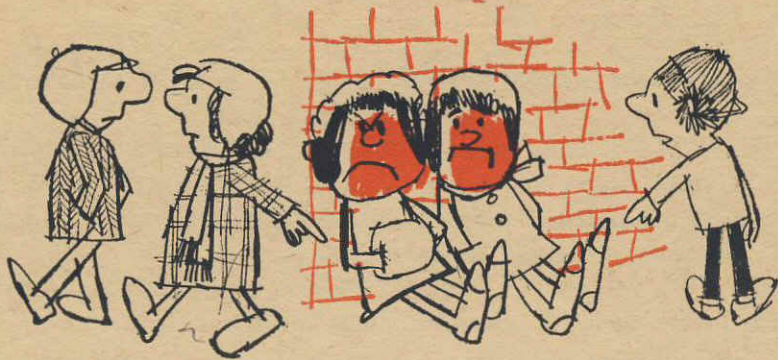
Our class was on the way back from a field trip. The teacher sat right next to me on the bus, and we all sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." It was fine until the chorus, when I sang out, "Glory, glory, hallelujah, teacher hit me with a ruler. . ." Boy, was my face red!

EMILY EATON, Bangor, Maine



Once I was ill with rheumatic fever for seven months. During that period, I had many visitors. One day, my mother told me that Randy was coming to see me. Naturally, my mind went to the most popular boy at school. So I tidied up my room, dressed up, and sprayed my mother's best perfume on myself. Was my face red later, when I saw my girlfriend's little Irish setter named Randy standing in the doorway!

MIRIAM ROSEN, Germantown, Pa.

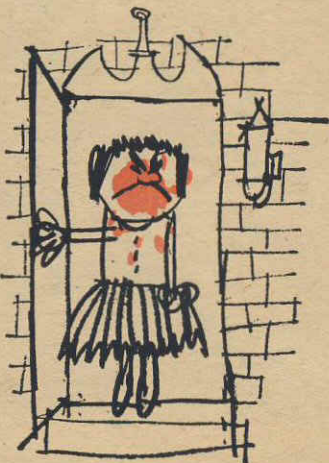


One Saturday my parents took my friend and me to an out-of-town roller skating rink. My parents went on an errand and said that they'd pick us up at five o'clock. We gave our shoes to my mother, knowing that they'd be safe with her. At four o'clock it was announced that the rink was closing. We had no shoes and were stranded outside in the snow. Everyone was huddled around us asking questions. Our feet were blue with the cold and our faces were red from embarrassment!

DONNA SUPERIOR, Malden, Mass.

I was dressed in my best, waiting for the guests to arrive for my brother's birthday party. I heard a scratching noise at the door and went to see who was there. When I opened the door, no one was in sight and I thought it was just the wind. I started away when I heard the same noise again. I turned back, opened the door and stepped outside. One of the younger children threw a tomato and hit me in the face. My face was really red!

PATRICIA CAMPBELL, Phila., Penna.



The Feud

Polly tries to settle a bitter quarrel

By MARY ANNE TATE

HONESTLY," Polly sighed, "I think the whole town of Fairfield has heard about the feud between Agnes and Louise."

"Isn't it awful?" Sunny

asked. "If I have a soda with Louise, Agnes is mad, and if I do something with Agnes, Louise is mad."

"Worst of all, this ruins our plans for the kidnap breakfast



Neither Agnes nor Louise would join the fun, so the other girls ignored

party we were going to have," Polly frowned. "With those two locking horns, it would spoil everyone's fun."

The two girls exchanged thoughtful frowns. Usually the four of them got along beautifully. Of course, there were occasional little tiffs that never amounted to anything. A giggle from one of



them. But there was an uncomfortable feeling in the air.

them would start all of them laughing and bad tempers would be forgotten. But this feud between Agnes and Louise had been going on for two weeks now and showed no signs of letting up.

"Agnes is always so timid but now she's as fighting mad as an old wet hen," Sunny said. "Do you think Louise really copied Agnes' art poster idea, as Agnes thinks?"

"No," Polly said firmly. "Louise never cheats like that. I think they both just happened to get an identical idea. But each thinks the other copied."

"So it's up to us to do something," Sunny decided. "But what?"

"Talking won't help. I've tried. I suppose we could just go ahead and have that party we'd planned. It might jolt them loose," Polly said skeptically. "Neither one of them can resist a party."

Sunny snapped her fingers, eyes shining.

"Maybe you've got something, Polly. Maybe we could even drop them a hint about it, let them be sort of prepared for it."

"It's supposed to be a sur-

prise, Sunny," Polly protested.

"But this calls for drastic action. You tell Agnes and I'll tell Louise."

"Well, okay," Polly agreed. "I'll sure be glad when those two stop acting like such babies! Let's plan the party for Saturday."

"Swell!" Sunny exclaimed. "Oh, Polly, this should be oodles of fun!"

BUT Polly was still not sure. It took only one sour grape to spoil any party, and they were likely to have *two* on their hands!

The kidnap breakfast idea had been borrowed from one of the women's clubs in town. The idea was to go around to all the guests unexpectedly, early in the morning, and kidnap them and bring them to the breakfast, making them come in whatever they happened to be dressed in, pajamas, robe, barefoot or in house slippers. There should be plenty of laughs. Polly's mother could take one car and Sunny's mother another to pick up the girls.

"We'll have to take care that Agnes and Louise don't get in the same car," Sunny giggled.

"Heavens, we don't want to start this thing off on the wrong foot."

"Let's just hope this works," Polly sighed. "It's miserable to have those two feuding."

Polly and Sunny made their plans, decided upon their menu and double checked everything with their mothers, who thought the whole idea was sure to be fun.

The next day at school, Polly caught Agnes in the hallway, made certain Louise wasn't around and told her in a whisper about the party.

"I didn't think it was fair to let you be caught totally unprepared," Polly said. "So don't be wearing any torn pajamas Saturday morning."

Agnes looked pale and unhappy. Her feud with Louise was leaving its mark.

"I suppose you-know-who will be there!"

"Oh, Agnes," Polly chided. "What if Louise does come? You aren't going to let her scare you away from a good time, are you?"

Agnes straightened with a determined jerk.

"Certainly not. I'll come, Polly. I'll even pretend to be

Plant A Potato



Select a sweet potato with eyes. Use toothpicks to hold it on the edge of a glass of water so that only about a fourth of the potato is in water. Keep in a dim, cool place until leaves start to appear. As the roots grow down into the water, allow the level of the water to drop below the potato so that it won't rot. The roots will bring the water to your plant.

very surprised when you come to get me."

"Good," Polly said, squeezing her friend's hand. "We'd better hurry or we'll be late for class."

With a sigh of relief, Polly slid into her seat. She gave Sunny a quick look at see how

Illustrations by MARY STEVENS



"Polly!" shrieked Agnes, "why don't you watch what you're doing!"

she'd made out with Louise.

"It's okay," Sunny mouthed.

Polly heaved a sigh. Now if only the party would work its magic. She was sure it would be a success if the two feuders would just forget themselves and relax.

The rest of the week flew by so quickly that Polly wondered where it had gone. It was always so much fun to get ready for a party. Mother was making some muffins. There would be pancakes, tiny sausages, all kinds of fruit juices, eggs and ham, just about everything anyone could want.

It was seven o'clock Saturday morning when Sunny and her mother came over.

"I hope we get them all out of bed," Sunny laughed.

Sunny and her mother took a list of four girls and Polly and her mother took a list of another four girls. It was fun to run up the front walks, ring the doorbell and demand the girls be handed over for the kidnap breakfast. Two girls were routed out of bed, sleepy-eyed and shocked. Another was caught with her jeans on but still wearing the top of her pajamas and was in pin curls,

her face hidden under a mask of her mother's face cream. Agnes was up, dressed in a new pair of pajamas and a robe. Polly gave her a wink.

IN HALF an hour they were back to Polly's house. Sunny's group was just arriving. Everyone was laughing and pointing at each other. Agnes whisked on ahead of the rest and went in the house. Louise was looking like a thunder cloud. Sunny took Polly to one side.

"Louise almost wouldn't come. Oh, Polly, how embarrassing it will be if they get to fighting again!"

Polly swallowed hard. She'd been afraid this wouldn't work. Everyone was still laughing and talking about being kidnapped. In the house, Agnes stayed on one side of the room, hugging her bright, floor length robe around her, while Louise refused to look in her direction at all and stayed on the other side of the room.

By the time breakfast was ready, the two girls' stony silences was beginning to effect the others. They looked from Louise to Agnes and then whis-

pered among themselves. Polly clenched her fists nervously.

"Breakfast is ready, everyone."

The dining room table had been set for ten with cute little place cards Sunny and Polly had made themselves. Discreetly, they had put Agnes and Louise as far apart as possible.

"Polly!" Sunny hissed in her ear. "Look!"

Sunny nodded toward Agnes, who was becoming warm with her robe on and was taking it off.

"What's wrong with that?" Polly asked, bewildered.

"Her new pajamas are just like Louise's. I saw Louise's before she put her robe on this morning. When they find out about this —"

"Oh, dear!" Polly gasped.

She wondered what on earth she could do. It wasn't enough that the girls' ideas ran the same in art posters but to the very same in pajamas!

Polly snatched up a pitcher of water and went toward Agnes.

"Come on, Agnes. You're next to me at the table."

Polly tripped and the water went flying out of the pitcher

in her hand. Poor Agnes yelped and stepped back but not in time. Her pajamas were soaked.

"Oh, Agnes! I'm sorry!" Polly gasped. "Here, put on your robe and I'll lend you some of my pajamas."

EVERYONE clustered around to see what had happened. Everyone but Louise, who wouldn't be caught dead showing that much interest in Agnes. With a sigh, Polly hustled Agnes off to her room and closed the door.

"Polly Blake!" Agnes stormed. "You deliberately doused me with that water. You didn't fool me for a minute. What's the big idea?"

Polly sighed. Well, it had been a bad idea anyway. Louise would probably have shed her robe too and then they both would have known. This whole feud business was so silly anyway!

"Here, Agnes, get into these dry pajamas of mine and for heaven sakes, try to have some fun."

"It's just like Louise to pull a stunt like this!" Agnes fumed. "She knows I always buy my pajamas at Johnson's Depart-

ment store. I bet she asked the clerk what I'd bought and deliberately bought the same thing to make me mad!"

"Louise isn't like that!" Polly protested.

"Who's side are you on?" Agnes snapped. "Go back to your old party. I can dress myself, you know!"

Polly blinked fast. All she'd wanted to do was to get two old friends back together and now it looked like Agnes was going to be mad at her, too. Before it was over everyone would be mad at everyone else!

Polly went back to the others with hot cheeks.

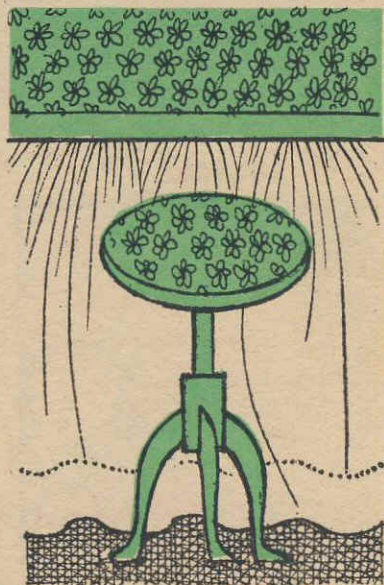
"Agnes will be out soon. I'm sure she'd want us to eat while things are hot. Come on, girls, fill your plates."

Sunny shot Polly a questioning look and Polly shook her head sadly. Louise wasn't saying a word, but she looked angry too. Evidently she knew about the identical pajamas now and was thinking Agnes had deliberately copied her for spite.

"Oh, this is impossible," Polly thought. "If only they could see how silly and childish they look!"

Polly and Sunny took charge

A Stool For Your Dresser



Make an attractive dresser stool out of an old piano stool. Paint it the color of your bedroom and cover the seat with decorative plastic-coated cloth tape.

of the table and were running back and forth to the kitchen. Agnes was still pouting in Polly's room and everyone knew it.

Polly was hurrying for another plate of pancakes when she nearly collided with Sunny who was bringing more sausages.

"Watch where you're going," Polly said irritably.

Sunny's eyes widened.

"Why don't you watch what you're doing?"

They stared at each other

angrily for a moment and then Polly laughed.

"Heavens, are we going to fight too? The feud isn't catching, is it? Hey, that gives me an idea! I'll tell you later."

After everyone had eaten and Polly had taken Agnes a plate of food only to find her in tears and refusing to eat, Sunny stacked some records on the player. Everyone seemed to be having fun but Louise.

Polly cornered Sunny in the kitchen and explained her idea. Sunny listened skeptically.

"It can't hurt to try," she agreed.



"So I'm not good enough for you!" cried Polly. "Well,

Polly persuaded Agnes to come to the kitchen, where she dished up some hot food. Moodily, Agnes pushed the food around on her plate. In the meanwhile, Sunny had lured Louise close to the door and then joined Polly in the kitchen.

"I was supposed to pour the juice, Polly Blake!" Sunny exploded angrily.

Agnes looked up with a start.

Polly put her hands on her hips and glared back at her friend.

"Oh, you were! Well, I was supposed to pass the muffins, remember? You took over that. This is just as much my party as yours."

Sunny's eyes snapped angrily.

"Well, next time, I'll be a little more careful who I give a party with!"

"So I'm not good enough for you!" Polly shot back. "All right, Sunny. If that's the way you feel about it maybe we'd just better not be friends anymore."

By now Louise had crept to the kitchen doorway and was listening. Agnes' mouth was hanging agape. Sunny snatched off her tiny, frilly apron and slammed it to the floor.

"I'm going home! You can just take over!"



I don't think you're so hot either, Sunny Stern!"

"Gladly," Polly shouted after her. "I never knew such a spoil sport —"

Sunny was blocked by Louise and Agnes was tugging at Polly.

"You don't mean that, Polly," Agnes said. "Why, you and Sunny have been best friends for ages. Now apologize."

"I won't. She can make the first move."

Sunny stuck out her jaw stubbornly.

"Well, I won't make the first move. Let me pass, Louise."

"This is so silly," Louise protested. "So childish. Not like you at all, Sunny!"

"It's no more childish than you and Agnes," Polly spoke up. "Now just leave us alone. Come on, Agnes, you can help me clear the table."

Agnes and Louise looked at each other sheepishly.

"Don't do this, Polly," Agnes begged. "Come on, Sunny."

Sunny shook her head.

"You're being mule-headed!"

"Like some others I know," Polly put in drily.

A silence pressed down on all of them. Polly held her breath.

"Would you two make up, if Agnes and I did?" Louise said.

Agnes blinked with surprise

but made no protest.

"Let's all be friends again," Agnes said. "Please, girls."

"Will you two really make up?" Polly asked.

"Sure," Louise said quickly. "Right this minute. I'm sorry, Agnes. About everything. But I didn't copy your art poster and I didn't deliberately try to get the same kind of pajamas. It's just one of those things, because I know you wouldn't try to copy me either."

"I'm sorry too, Louise," Agnes said. "Let's bury the hatchet."

THE two girls hugged each other. Polly gave Sunny a quick wink. Very elaborately, they made up, too, and before long the four of them were having the time of their lives, just as they used to before.

It was later that Polly drew Sunny to one side with a giggle.

"How was that for acting?"

"As usual, your idea worked," Sunny grinned. "There for a minute, though, I thought you *really* were mad at me."

Polly laughed, blew on her fingernails and polished them on her pajamas.

"Just call me Helen Hayes!"

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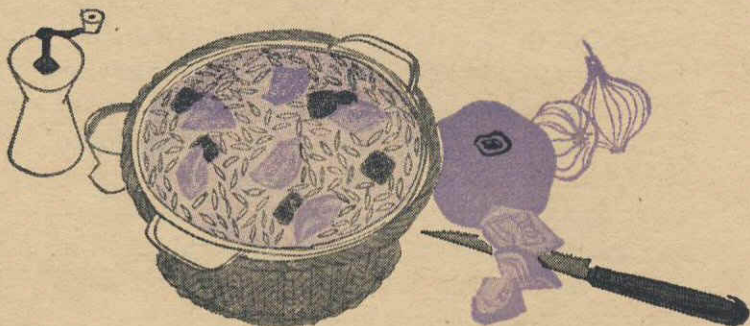
Casserole Cookery

A good main dish is to a meal what a motor is to a car—the most important part. No fancy trimmings can substitute. So if you're a kitchen novice, it's nice to know about casseroles. They're called that because they're foods baked and served right in the same dish. Here are six recipes for a family meal or for any party. Since chicken is a great favorite with everyone, there are two different chicken casseroles. Try them both! Add a simple salad, some rolls, an easy dessert and beverage, and you have a delicious meal.

Cold Weather Casserole

- 4 cups of cooked rice
- 2 cups of cubed cooked or
canned corned beef
- 2 cups of canned or
fresh chopped tomatoes
- 1/3 cup of chopped onion
- 1 teaspoon of salt and
a dash of pepper

Alternate layers of rice and corned beef in a greased casserole dish, beginning and ending with rice layers. Combine all the other ingredients and pour them over the layers. Cover and bake at 350° F. for 30 minutes.



Cheeserole

2 tablespoons of flour

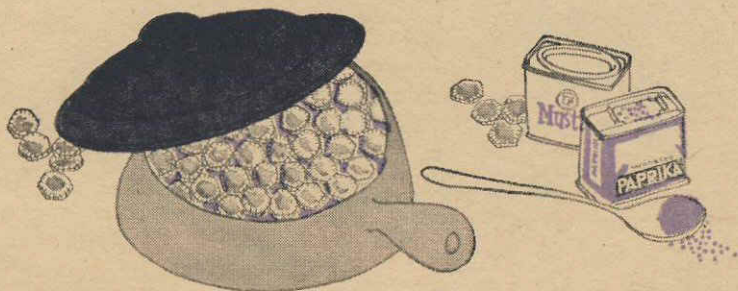
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of salt,
paprika and dry mustard

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of tomato juice or milk

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of shredded sharp cheese

3 cups of small oyster crackers

In a saucepan mix the flour, salt, paprika and mustard. Gradually stir in either milk or tomato juice until smooth, and then stir over low heat till the mixture thickens. Add the cheese and stir well. Finally, stir in the crackers, pour into a casserole and bake, uncovered, at 375° F. for 25 minutes. The crackers bob up to the top to form a "cobblestone" crust.



Fish and Chip Bake

1 can of flaked tuna fish

1 teaspoon of grated onion

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped celery

2 cups of crushed potato chips

1 can of condensed mushroom soup
mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ can of milk

Butter a casserole dish and set aside $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the crushed potato chips. Then mix all the other ingredients together well, pour into the casserole and top with the remaining chips. Bake, uncovered, at 350° F. for 25 minutes.



Chicken Casserole

3 cups of cooked or canned
chicken, diced

1 can of condensed cream of
chicken soup mixed with
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk

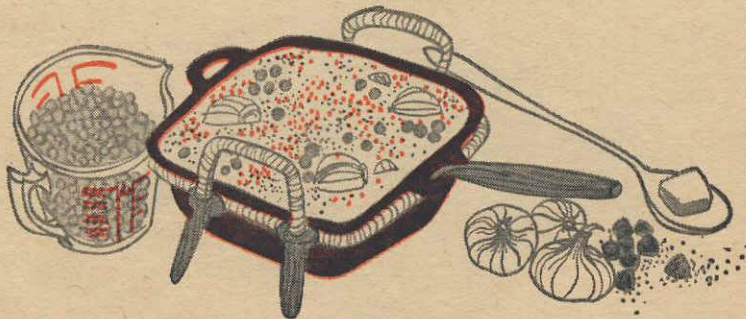
1 cup of canned or cooked peas

1 cup of canned or cooked
small whole onions

1 package (that's about 3 cups) of dry,
prepared stuffing mix

2 cups of milk heated with
3 tablespoons of butter

Spread chicken cubes on the bottom of a buttered casserole. Spread the soup mixture over them. Add the peas in a layer, then the onions, then the stuffing mix. Pour the milk and butter mixture evenly over the top. Bake at 400° F. 25 minutes or until the top's brown.



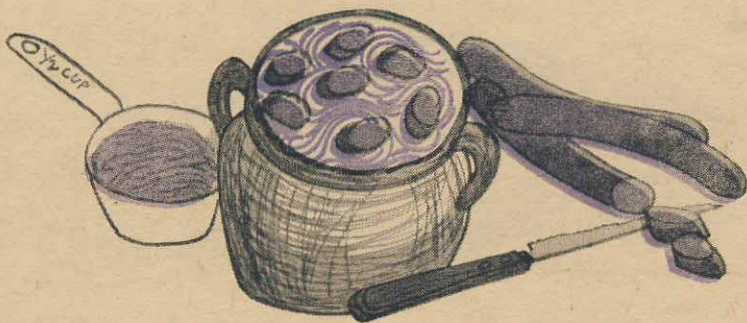
Frankfurter Feast

**2 cans of prepared spaghetti
in tomato-cheese sauce**

1 pound of frankfurters

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of shredded sharp cheese

Empty the spaghetti into a casserole. Cut the frankfurters into circles about $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick and stir them into the spaghetti. Sprinkle the cheese on top and bake at 400 degrees F. for 20 minutes.



Chicken and Rice Casserole

1 1/3 cups packaged pre-cooked rice

1/2 teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper

1 1/2 cups boiling water

1 can condensed cream of chicken soup

1/2 cup milk

1 cup diced cooked chicken

buttered crumbs

Add the pre-cooked rice and salt to boiling water in a saucepan. Mix just to moisten all the rice. Cover, remove from heat, and let stand for 13 minutes. Combine the soup and milk in another saucepan. Heat, stirring occasionally. Add chicken, pepper and, if you want to, 2 tablespoons of diced pimento. Mix carefully. Heat thoroughly. Mix the rice and creamed chicken mixtures. Spoon into a one-quart casserole; top with crumbs. Broil uncovered until the top is golden brown.



An interview by RUBIE SAUNDERS

Meet one of your favorite television personalities, Shelley Fabares, the teen-age star of ABC-TV's "Donna Reed Show"

HOW would you feel if your aunt was a dazzling success in show business? Would you bask in reflected glory or would you pretend that you're totally unrelated? The sixteen-year-old niece of famed comed-

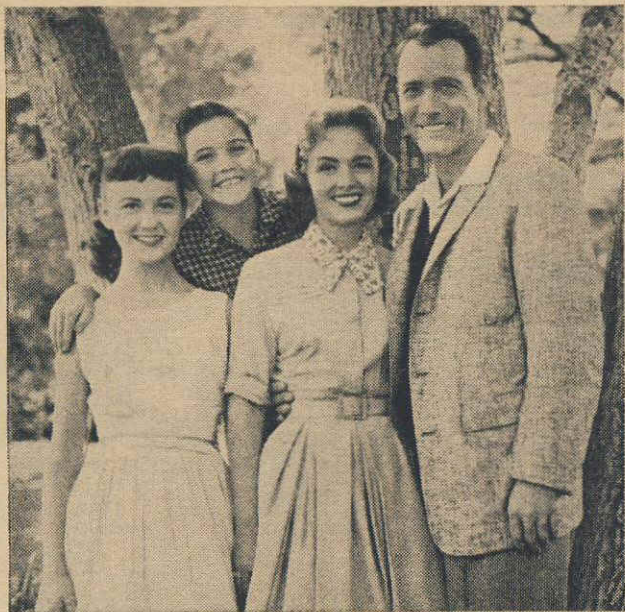
My Two Families



Here I am with my real mother and father. They're the greatest!

ienne Nanette Fabray has done neither—she's become a star in her own right. Shelley Fabares, who plays Donna Reed's daughter on the "Donna Reed Show" every week on ABC-TV, owes her career not to her aunt, but

to her own talent. Her career really got started when her mother wanted her to take dancing lessons to give her poise. That was when Shelley was only four, but her talent has proved to everyone that she needs no



And here's my TV family; Donna Reed and Carl Betz as my parents and Paul Petersen as my brother.

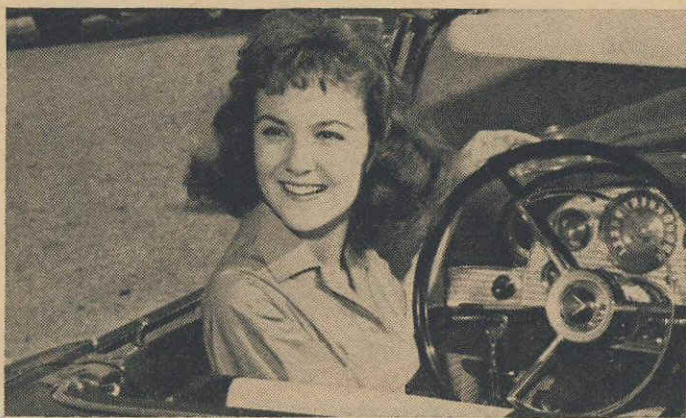
famous relatives to lean on.

Shelley, whose real first name is Michele, learned to dance so quickly and so well that she was soon asked to appear on many television shows. And she was still so young that she barely knew her left foot from her right! Not being a shy child, Shelley had no fear of large audiences, and certainly the television cameras didn't bother her. Nor was she dismayed by the photographers' cameras, for soon Shelley became one of the

most popular models for children's clothes on the West Coast.

She enjoyed modeling, because she thoroughly enjoyed getting all dressed up. Now that she's older, Shelley prefers to dress informally whenever she can. "But," she confessed, "I still love to get all dolled up in a brand new outfit every once in a while."

When she was nine, Shelley got her first break as an actress when she was invited to appear



*Was I thrilled when Mom + Dad
gave me a car for my birthday*

on a Frank Sinatra television spectacular. To Shelley, it was a dream come true. She would actually appear on the same TV stage with the fabulous Frank Sinatra! It was the most thrilling night of her life. She did such a good job that she received many offers to be on top-flight dramatic programs such as "The Loretta Young Show," "Playhouse 90," "Matinee Theatre" and "Annie Oakley." That was when her career really got off the ground!

It was inevitable that offers to make movies should come to the talented young lady from Santa Monica, and Shelley had featured parts in "Rock Pretty Baby" and "Summer Love."

But, despite all of her professional activities, Shelley still has time for her favorite pastimes. Like others her age, she likes popular music. She enjoys swimming and loves to treat family and friends to her specialty—a big piece of chocolate cake that she's made herself. Now that she's sixteen she loves to drive. Shelley eagerly looked forward to her birthday when her parents gave her a car of her very own.

Ask her about her favorite actress and Shelley will tell you that Donna Reed, who plays her mother on the popular ABC-TV family series, is the greatest.

"Miss Reed is such a wonderful actress," said Shelley, "that I can seldom take my eyes off her."

SHELLEY'S television family also includes Carl Betz as her father and Paul Petersen as her younger brother. "In real life I have an older sister, so it's a relief to be the older kid in the family, even if it is only make-believe. And sometimes I wish I did have a younger brother like Jeff, particularly the way Paul plays the part." Shelley did admit, though, that younger brothers could be a real pain in the neck at times.

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Shelley doesn't feel that being a working girl at such a young age has been a handicap. Quite the contrary, she thinks that it has been extremely helpful. Learning to work along with other people, taking orders and putting what you've learned to a practical purpose are just a few of the valuable lessons that a working teen-ager has to know. "And," according to Shelley, "these are lessons that everyone has to learn sooner or later if he wants to get along in this world, and the sooner he learns them, the better it will be for him."

SHE admitted, though, that her current job doesn't seem like work. "I just do and say the things that I'd probably do and say at home. After all," she explained, "I play the part of a girl my own age living at home and going to school and having fun and, occasionally, getting into trouble, and that's what happens in real life." If it weren't for the cameras, Shelley wouldn't feel that she was working at all.

"And one of the nicest things about my job," Shelley added, "is that it gives me two very

nice families—my real one and my TV family. How lucky can a girl get!"

Of course Shelley goes to school. She's a sophomore in high school and her favorite subjects are English and history. "I enjoy reading the books and plays that have had such a great influence on our present-day life, and I also like learning about the men who helped to shape history."

Brunette, brown-eyed Shelley plans to continue her education either at UCLA or at the University of Utah. She would like to study theater arts. "You can't know too much about this business," she said, showing her dimples. She is obviously serious about her future.

Despite the fame that has come to her as a result of her talent, good looks and charm, Shelley remains a natural, unaffected young lady who enjoys herself. The feeling of fun is reflected in her work. Sure, she has her disappointments and some days she feels as if nothing is going right, but these are only brief periods. Like most young people, Shelley can't sit and worry for long. If she has a problem, she solves it, either by

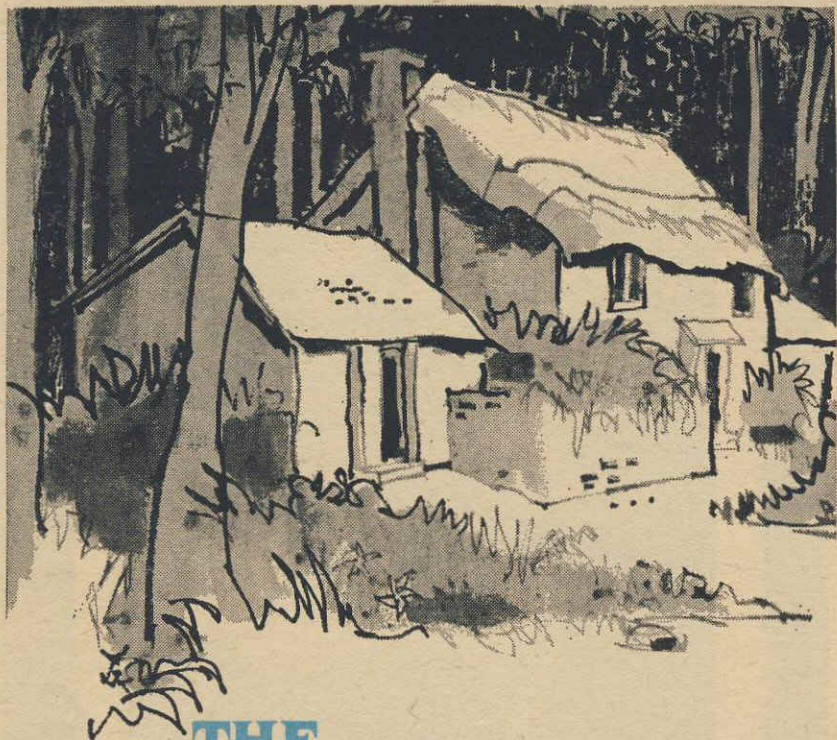
This is my favorite party dress!



herself or with the help of her parents or other grownups. "Worry doesn't accomplish anything," said Shelley, "it's just a waste of time. The thing to do is tackle your problems and try to solve them."

With her healthy attitude toward her work and herself, Shelley is bound to be a success. And

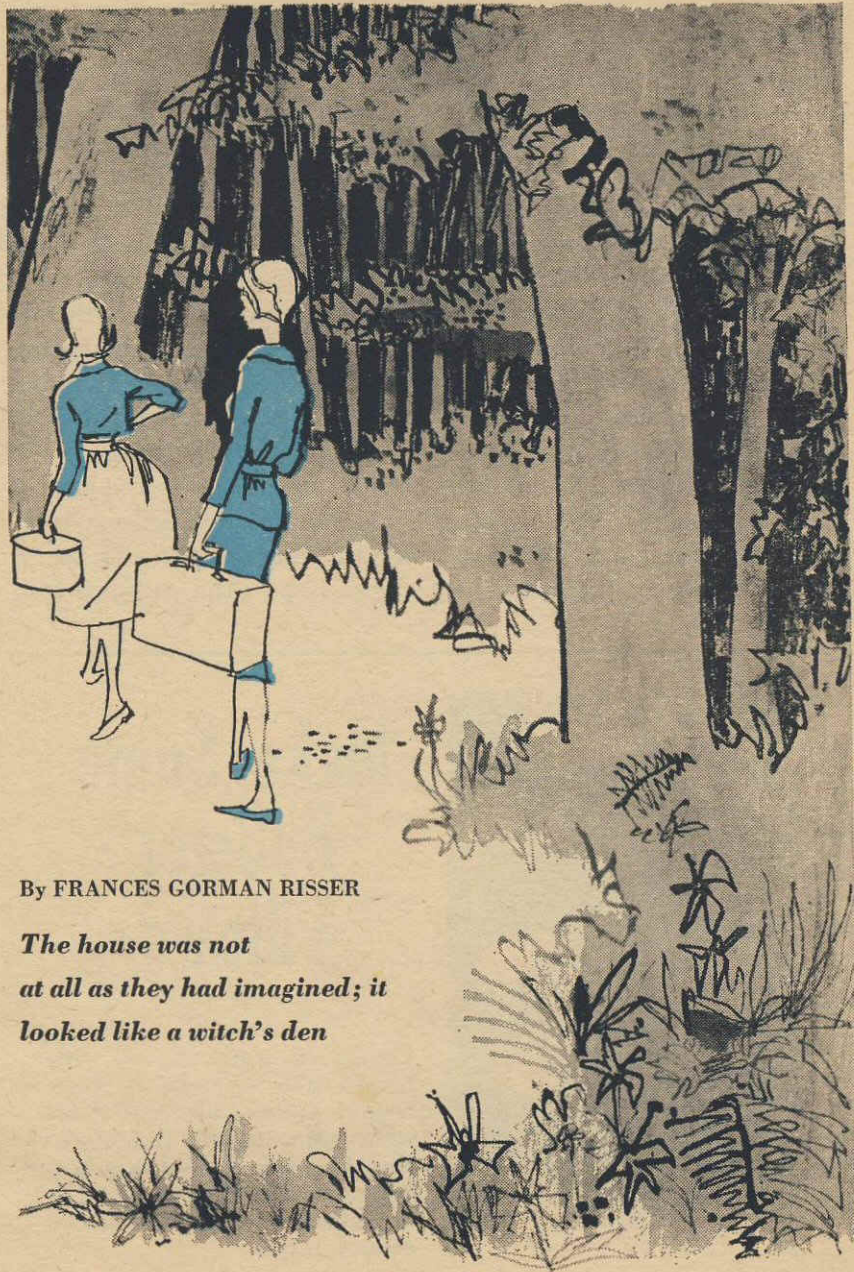
her interest in people will help her develop into a really fine actress. One of these days, she would like to work with her famous aunt, Nanette Fabray. Until then, she'll keep on with her studies and work. And her many fans are delighted to watch this happy young lady performing on television and in movies.



THE RIDDLE OF WOOD PLACE

DID you tell the bus driver to be sure and stop at Wood Place, Pam?" asked Nina Cox, turning from the window.

"Hmm?" mumbled Pamela Pryor, a worried frown creasing her smooth forehead. "Oh, yes, I told him twice, Nina. 'Scuse me for being so addle-pated, but I'm so anxious to get that Saturday job on the *Weekly News* that I'm simply shredding my brains trying to think of some way I can get, to quote the august Mr. James, the editor: 'An exclusive interview with some personage in the public eye.'"



By FRANCES GORMAN RISSER

*The house was not
at all as they had imagined; it
looked like a witch's den*

"Speaking of shredding," said Nina, pushing back her auburn bangs, "that's what my best dress is doing right now. Oh, how I'd like to have a Toni Tell frock to wear to the school party next month, but as long as only the exclusive shops carry them—" she sighed dejectedly.

"Well, let's forget our troubles and just have a good time this week end," proposed Pamela. "I'm glad Aunt Helen asked us out to see the furnished house she bought. She'll be surprised at our bringing a birthday cake, because she doesn't know

I know her birthday's tomorrow."

"What's that?" Nina was looking at the black notebook her friend was holding. "Oh, your Home Ec. notes."

"I never have time to work on them," said Pamela, frowning at the black book with distaste. "I can't see how waving pots and pans around is going to help a newspaper career, but—oh, the driver's looking back at us! This must be the place."

As the bus rumbled off down the highway the two girls found themselves at the entrance to a



Make Some Booster Pillows

Cover old, worn pillows with bright new oilcloth in your school colors, one color on each side. Stitch the edges together with the same colors in yarn. Carry a booster pillow along with you to all the school games.

twisting driveway that rambled toward a small, gloomy house with a low, thatched roof. Great trees bent over it and a tangle of thorny shrubs clustered about the narrow porch.

"Goodness, this doesn't look a bit like I thought it would," murmured Pamela as they started up the driveway. "It almost gives me the creeps. It reminds me of the kind of house I always thought a witch might live in, and Aunt Helen certainly isn't the witch type. Wonder where she is? I thought she'd be out in front waiting for us. Ring the bell, Nina."

Though the bell pealed time after time, no one answered. The late afternoon sun slanted through the leaves and glinted on the thorn bushes and a blue jay scolded from the vines twining about the gray stone posts of the porch.

"Oh, here's a note sticking from under the mat," said Pamela. Quickly she opened the folded paper and read: "'Mrs. Harris: Order from list on table. Prepare dinner for three. Am having important guests. Will be late.' Hmmm — guess Mrs. Harris works for Aunt Helen. Well, she's not here. I guess

she went out for some reason."

"How cute of your aunt to call us important guests," said Nina. "I wish we could get in and have dinner all ready when she comes."

"That's a wonderful idea!" exclaimed Pamela. "Let's see if there's an open window any place, that is if we can wade through the brambles!"

THERE was an open window in the kitchen and the girls managed to climb through, suitcase, cake box and all. Presently they stood in a cozy kitchen, listening intently. There was no sound but the low hum of the electric refrigerator and the drip of a faucet.

Pamela picked up a type-written paper from the table. "Here's the grocery list," she remarked. "Goodness, what a ritzy menu. Mrs. Harris must be an A-one cook. Just listen: 'Curried avacado soup. Sweetbreads a La Financiere. Melon coupe, — and a lot more!'"

"We can't do those things," said Nina, laughing, "but we can order chicken and fry it and — what's the matter?"

"The telephone's dead," said Pamela, who had been jiggling

the receiver of the kitchen telephone. "Well, maybe there's something in the refrigerator and on the shelves. Thank goodness we have the cake!"

FROZEN peas and half a baked chicken and lots of milk and greens here," mumbled Nina, her head in the big refrigerator.

"There's spaghetti and a can of mushrooms and some other stuff on the shelves," announced Pamela, throwing open doors. "I know, Nina, let's make that casserole of chicken and spaghetti with mushrooms and white sauce."

Nina was leafing through Pamela's black note book. "We'll have to hurry," she murmured. "I'll fix lettuce salad and open the peas."

The girls flew about the kitchen, stirring, mixing and tasting until finally Pamela dropped into a chair, wiping her hot face on her sleeve. "Casserole in the oven," she ticked off on her fingers. "Salad ready to mix — Whew, I'm a mess. Let's freshen up so we'll look as though it was no trouble at all!"

"What a pretty place!" exclaimed Nina, as, carrying the

suitcase, she followed Pamela into the low ceilinged living room. "Go ahead, Pam. I want to look at the curios in this old cabinet."

"I'll turn on the light," said Pamela, as she picked up the suitcase and started from the room. "I can't think why Aunt Helen hasn't come, and of course she can't get us on the phone. It's so quiet — what's that strange, sobbing sound?"

"I think it's a mourning dove," answered Nina. "Hurry, Pam, because she may come any minute — it's nearly dark."

Pamela went down the carpeted passage and paused before two closed doors, one on either side. After a moment she opened one of the doors and stepped into the shadowy room. Blinking in the half light, she put down the suitcase and fumbled for the light switch. Then she saw something that made her draw in her breath sharply. There in a chair by the window sat a girl, head turned to one side so that long golden hair half hid her face. She seemed to be asleep.

"Oh — I beg your pardon!" stammered Pamela, backing toward the door.

Then, as the girl didn't stir, Pamela made a hasty exit and raced back to the living room.

"There's a girl in there, Nina!" she whispered.

"Oh, there couldn't be!" scoffed Nina. "Or if there is, she must be a guest of your Aunt Helen — but it's funny she didn't answer the bell."

"She's asleep." Pamela's eyes were frightened. "She looked like an enchanted princess, Nina. Golden hair, and —" she

stopped, her hand to her mouth. "Oh, dear," she added, "I left the suitcase in there!"

"I'll sneak in and get it," offered Nina. "Hope she doesn't wake up and catch me!" With an exaggerated tiptoe, she crept down the hallway.

Pamela, watching from the living room, called: "Not that door, Nina!"

But Nina had already opened the other door. She started in, then said something quickly.



The girl looked straight ahead with a cold, lifeless stare.

After a moment she closed the door and hurried back to Pamela, a look of fright mixed with amazement on her round face. "Did you say you saw one girl in a chair, Pam?" she queried. "There are two girls in there, and they just stood in a corner and looked at me when I sneaked in — oh, I feel awful!"

"That was a different room. Oh, let's get out of here!" whispered Pamela, clutching Nina's arm. "I don't know what to make of this. A bus is bound to come along sometime. Maybe somebody has done something awful to Aunt Helen. It's so weird here!"

The girls crept to the front door and opened it. The sun had set and long golden streamers laced across the darkening sky. Under the brooding trees the shadows clustered and the thorn bushes reached scraggly arms through the dusk.

"I'm afraid to go out there," murmured Pamela, holding back. "I just can't walk down that driveway —" As she backed against the wall of the house her shoulder struck a mail box which fell open with a little clatter, spilling a letter to the porch floor.

"That must have come after your Aunt left this morning," said Nina, picking up the letter and squinting at the address. "Oh, Pam," she exclaimed, "we must be at the wrong place! This is addressed to a Miss Antoinetta Martello at Briar Wood Place!"

"Why, I told him Wood Place!" cried Pamela. "Oh, goodness, Nina, let's get away quick!"

"We can't now," muttered Nina. "There's a car turning in here. Maybe we can go out the back way!"

"Darn it —" Pamela struggled with the screen door. "I can't get it open!"

WHILE the girls were still tugging at the stubbornly resisting screen door the car had stopped by the steps and a small, smartly dressed woman jumped out.

"Ah — you must be Mrs. Harris' daughters!" she cried. "Is she here?" Without waiting for an answer, she went on: "Is dinner prepared? I will be with you in a moment!" With a wave of her hand she dismissed them.

Nina managed to get the door

open and as she and Pamela retreated across the living room, she whispered: "She looks nice — oops — something's burning!"

"The casserole!" gasped Pamela, running to the kitchen and jerking the bubbling dish from the oven. "I'll just leave this here on the table —"

The kitchen door opened and the strange woman sailed in, talking volubly. "This dinner is very important," she said, "as I want to keep my guests in a good humor. I discovered this morning that a man and his wife — business acquaintances — were visiting near here, and I invited them here on the spur of the moment —"

"We — it isn't the dinner you planned!" Pamela blurted.

"No matter," said the woman airily, sniffing at the casserole. "It smells delicious. No, don't explain about your mother now," she added, as Pamela tried to speak. "I'll talk with you later." And she disappeared in the direction of the living room.

"Come on!" whispered Pamela, tiptoeing toward the oblong of darkness outside the outer door. Then she jumped as a

Tree Tricks



If you find a piece of driftwood or a gnarled branch, it's easy to make a miniature Japanese "tree" for your room. Paint it shiny black and push the end firmly in a flower pot filled with soil. Glue rough pieces of green cellulose sponge to the branches for "foliage."

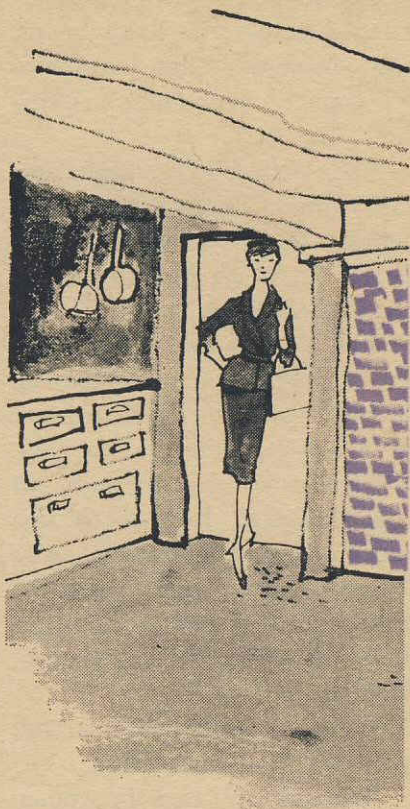
familiar voice called: "Pamela! Oh, thank goodness you're all right! I couldn't imagine where you were so I checked with the bus station and a driver said he'd let you off at Briar Wood Place. I knew this house had been vacant for months and was surprised when I followed that car and found it is occupied!" A tall, pleasant faced woman had stepped into the kitchen and was hugging Pamela.

"Oh, Nina and I have been so mixed up, Aunt Helen!" Pamela was half crying, half laughing. "It seemed strange from the first minute, but we decided to get dinner as a surprise, and then I found that sleeping girl in the bedroom and Nina saw two or three others, and they didn't speak, or anything!"

"Sleeping girl?" Pamela's aunt looked puzzled, then smiled. "I'm sure that what you and Nina saw were dummies!"

"Dummies?" echoed Pamela.

"Yes," nodded her aunt. "I recognized the dark-haired woman when she got out of her car. I didn't quite understand so I just came around to the back door because I saw you were heading this way. It's no wonder you didn't know her; she

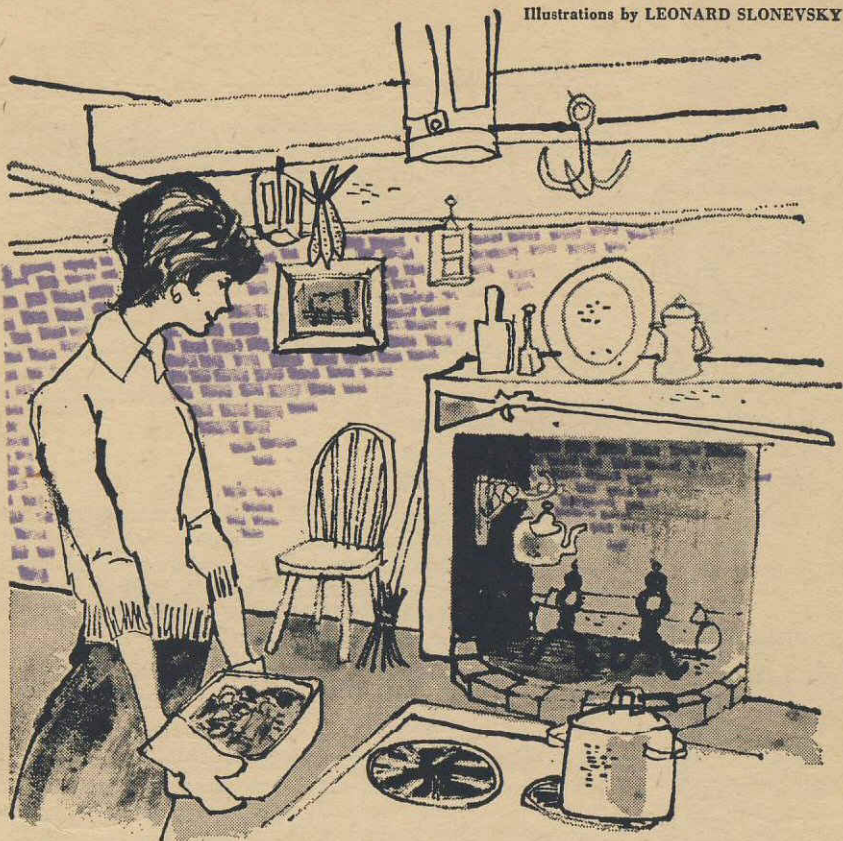


She didn't give Pamela a chance to

avoids publicity. She must have rented this place to take a rest and work on new ideas."

"Ideas for what?" asked Nina.

"Ideas for clothes," said Pamela's aunt. "Clothes are her business. I imagine the man and his wife whom she is entertaining are owners of a chain



explain. "We can talk later," she said. "Serve the dinner now, please."

of department stores, because I've heard that the Toni Tell frocks for girls may be carried by big stores in the near future."

"Antoinetta Martello — Toni Tell!" gasped Pamela, sitting down on a chair. "Here I had her down as a witch and she may be my fairy godmother!"

"Oh, yes," agreed Nina, "be-

cause she's an internationally known person if there ever was one!" She began dancing about the kitchen. "She simply can't refuse to give Pam a peach of an interview after we came to her rescue."

Pamela smiled broadly. "Here's to pots and pans," she cried cheerfully.



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Giggles Galore

Papa Kangaroo: Arabella, where's the baby?

Mama Kangaroo: Oh, my goodness, my pocket's been picked!

First Neighbor: What were all your chickens doing out in front of your house early this morning?

Second Neighbor: They heard that some men were going to lay a sidewalk and they wanted to see how it was done.



Patty: Mother, was that policeman over there ever a little baby?

Mother: Why certainly he was, dear.

Patty: Oh, I would just love to see a baby policeman!

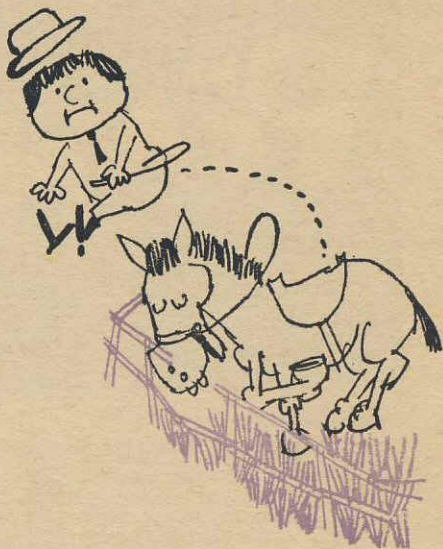
On a bus the other day a man got up and gave his seat to a woman. She fainted. When she came to, she thanked him. Then he fainted!

Polly: Is your new hunting horse well-behaved?

Molly: He certainly is! He has such good manners that when we come to a fence, he stops and lets me go over first!

Junior: Dad, what happens to a ballplayer when his eyesight begins to fail?

Dad: They make an umpire out of him!



One: You say that Bill is pretty cocky and sure of himself?

The Other: I'll say he is! He does crossword puzzles with a fountain pen.

Aunt Matilda: Going around with five boys at once! How do you explain such behavior?

Happy Niece: Cupid must have shot me with a machine gun.

Downstairs: Didn't you hear me pounding on the ceiling?

Upstairs: Oh, that's all right. We were making a lot of noise ourselves.

The teacher had been reading to her class about the rhinoceros family. "Now name some things," she said, "that are very dangerous and that have horns." "Automobiles!" Suzy answered promptly.

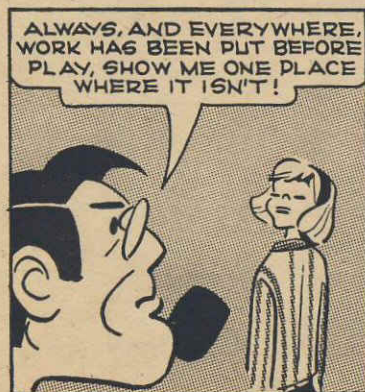
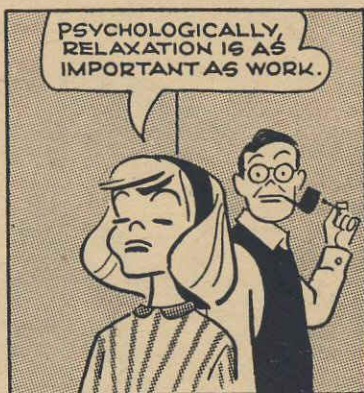
PENNY

BY
HAENIGSEN

SPEND A WEEK WITH THIS
LIVELY MISS WHO COMES TO
YOU RIGHT FROM THE FUNNY
PAGES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY



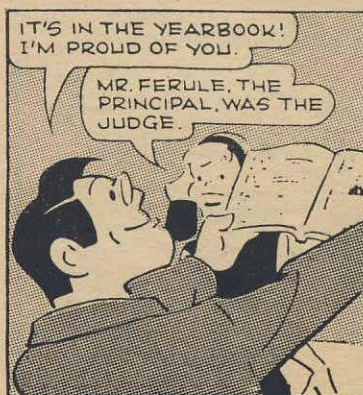
MONDAY

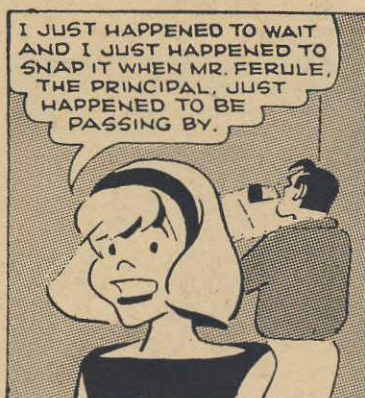


TUESDAY

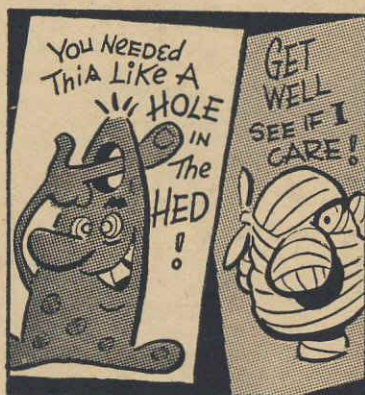


WEDNESDAY

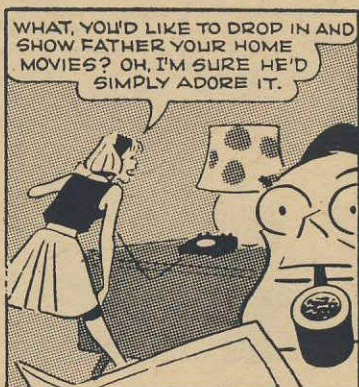




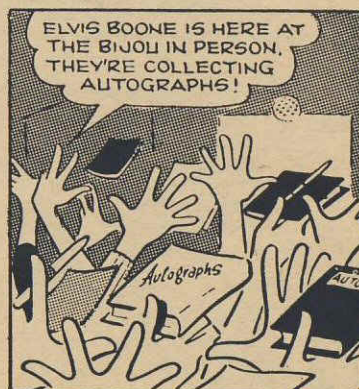
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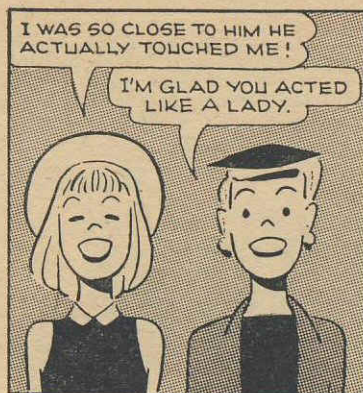


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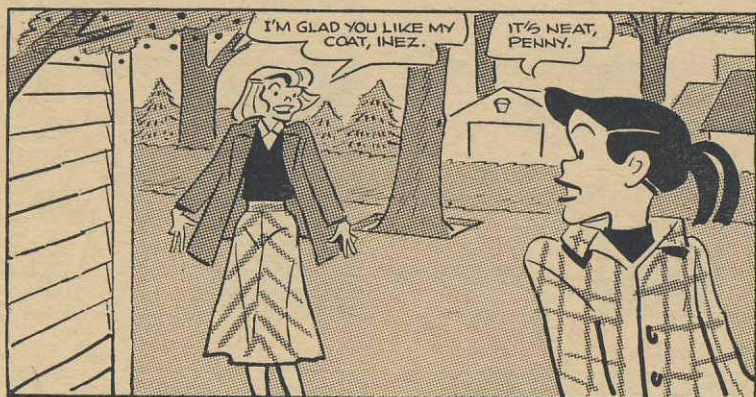


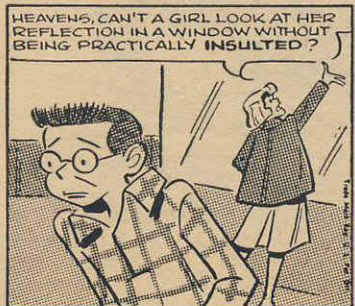
SATURDAY





SUNDAY





PENNY WILL BE BACK
WITH MORE HILARIOUS
ADVENTURES IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF

Calling All
GIRLS

Riddle-Dee dee



1. What driver never gets arrested?

2. What is the difference between a bankrupt man and a feather bed?

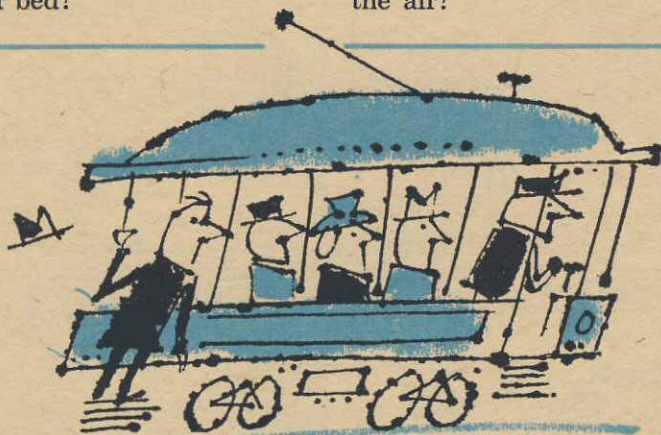
3. A blind beggar had a brother and the brother died, yet the man that died had no brother. What was the beggar?

4. Why is snow like a maple tree?

5. What is larger when it is cut at both ends?

6. When is water like fat?

7. What is the right kind of timber for building castles in the air?



8. What is the difference between the sidewalk and a street car?

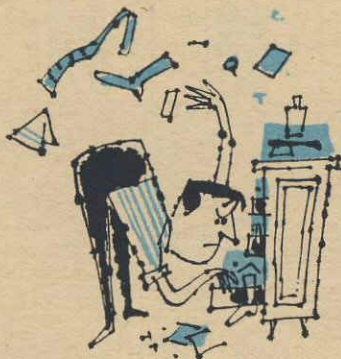
9. Why is plum pudding like the ocean?

10. When is butter like Irish children?

11. What is the age of communication?



13. Why is an infant like a diamond?



14. Why is the sun like a good loaf of bread?

15. Why is a wig like a lie?

16. What is a put-up job?

17. When is music like vegetables?

18. When is a ship like snow?

19. When is an ear of corn like a question?

12. Why is it that whenever you are looking for anything, you always find it in the last place you look?

ANSWERS

1. A screw driver. 2. One is hard up and the other is soft down. 3. The beggar was a woman. 4. Because it leaves in the early spring. 5. A ditch. 6. When it is dripping. 7. Sun beams. 8. The carfare. 9. Because it contains many currents. 10. When it is made into little Pats. 11. Post-age. 12. Because you always stop looking when you find it. 13. It is a "dear little thing." 14. Because it is light when it rises. 15. Because it is a false-hood. 16. The paper on the wall. 17. When there are two beats (beets) to the measure. 18. When it's a-drift. 19. When you are popping it.



Illustration by FRED WITZIG

SO YOU'RE GOING TO JUNIOR HIGH !

By BETTY SEARS

Here are some helpful suggestions about this big step in your school career; what to expect and, most important, what will be expected of you

THE big day has finally come, and you're all set to start on a new adventure — Junior High School. You've double-checked your appearance, breathing a thankful sigh that you were able to talk Mom into letting you buy that snazzy new outfit, and you head for school.

If you live in a relatively small community, chances are that you know all the kids who will be in your class. But suppose you will go to a school where you'll only know one or two other girls, or maybe none at all? What then?

The first thing you must remember is that there will probably be others in your class feeling just as lost and confused as you do, so don't think of your fellow students as being superior to you. You're all starting out at the same level, but some people cover up their shyness by being bold and aggressive. The thing you have to do is be aggressive enough to speak first, (a simple, "Hello, I'm Ellen Adams, what's your name?" is a great way to start a conversation) but not so bold that you make people want to hide from you.

Now that you know that everyone is feeling a little shy, just as you are, and you've chatted with a couple of the kids in your room, what next? The teacher has come in now, and she'll organize the class the way it is done in your school. After feeling friendly with the girl you met a few moments ago, you'll probably be dismayed when the teacher insists that you sit on opposite sides of the room. Don't

think that she's just being contrary — probably it is the custom in your new school to sit students in alphabetical order.

Then comes the time you've been waiting for — changing classes. In grammar school you sat in the same classroom all day and had one teacher. But now you feel quite grownup because you'll have five or six different teachers in one day in five or six different rooms. When the bell rings at the end of your home room period, however, and you step out into the hall, you are dumbfounded! There are so many students and teachers milling about that it looks as if even a senior would be confused, much less a freshman! If you are mixed-up, don't be afraid to ask someone directions. After all, no one expects you to know everything!

After the busy whirl of changing classes, meeting teachers and students, finding out where the cafeteria is and in general getting the "feel" of your new school, you're ready to sit down for a while and catch your breath. You look over your new textbooks and decide which teacher you'll adore and which you'll consider a pain in the

neck. Maybe you've even decided who your best friends will be and what clubs you'll join. That's all well and fine, but don't be too quick to judge your teachers or classmates. And once you make up your mind, don't be afraid to change it! Don't go to the other extreme of changing your mind every hour on the hour, though.

Before you know it, the days have sped by and you're dashing from class to class like an old pro. You've made friends and you've even joined a couple of clubs. In other words, you're having a grand time! But maybe there's one thing that's bothering you — homework! You feel that your teachers are expecting an awful lot from you. Every day you are loaded with homework, to say nothing of the various term assignments that some teachers have given out.

PERHAPS you've let some lessons slide, because how could you do your history homework when you had to go to the glee club rehearsal? Now there's a big test coming up and you aren't the least bit prepared.

If that's your situation, things had better change and change

fast. Sure, it's right and proper for you to take part in school activities as well as in other aspects of your social life.

No one expects, or wants you to become a drudge who pores over textbooks every waking moment. But don't forget that your main business at this stage of your life is learning. While it's true that you will learn many useful things about getting along with people and with yourself through your extra-curricular activities, you must pay great attention to the things you learn in class.

Perhaps you're planning to go to college; certainly you're going to finish high school. Well, the older you get and the more advanced, the more homework you'll get. And the responsibility for learning rests on your shoulders alone. Your teachers can only show you what has to be learned; the actual learning is up to you. You must accept this responsibility if you want to make anything of your life.

So enjoy yourself, make new friends, but don't forget that you're going to school to learn something!

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AFTER all," Martha said firmly, "there's only one way to spell 'meddle' and meddling's the only word for it."

Sylvia (straight A's in English III) suppressed a giggle.

"We must take this, and we can't manage without that," Martha continued. "You'd think we were planning an expedition into the wilds, like —"

"Like Livingstone?" Sylvia suggested.

"Yes! An expedition into the wilds like Livingstone! That's what I mean. Here Anne's never even seen our cabin, and she's acting like Livingstone!"

"Well, Livingstone did disappear," Sylvia reminded. "They sent Stanley after him."

Tempestuous Martha ignored

THE MEDDLER

By GERTRUDE BELL



*She acted as if we were going
on a safari to Africa instead
of a trip to the mountains*



"Lean on me, Martha," Anne advised. "The cabin's not much further now."

this. Black eyes sparkling with annoyance, she went on with her complaints. "Flashlights for everybody! Matches in tin boxes! First aid kits! I wish she wasn't going!"

Kathy, unofficial peace-maker, took a hand. "What's the difference? I don't mind taking a flashlight and matches and first aid stuff. She'll feel differently after she sees the cabin, Marty. After all, she's a city girl. I mean a real city, not a country town like ours, and I guess it's pretty different for her. Let's finish this grocery list, for goodness' sake! I've got to sit with the Baker kids tonight and I want to wash my hair before supper."

"Besides," Sylvia said coolly, "here comes Anne. Calm down, Marty; I like that girl."

AS usual, Anne's poised charm made the other three feel clumsy and a little crude. Anne's straight fair hair was perfectly groomed; her blue gingham looked as if it might still be warm from the iron. "Danny Moore is lending me the nicest outfit, hatchet and knife, all sheathed to hang from a belt," she reported. "I'm so

pleased! It'll be very useful."

"Anne, this is *not* a trip to the wilds!" Martha said indignantly.

"Of course not!" Anne agreed eagerly. "But things can happen, Martha."

Kathy averted a further outburst from Martha by less than a syllable. "We're listing groceries," she said blithely. "I do love to think about food, don't you?"

Martha, too, loved to think about food, and the informal meeting got under way amicably enough. Trouble was narrowly averted when Anne proposed provisions for at least two more meals than they expected to need for this brief week end at the cabin, but Kathy dealt with that.

"You know perfectly well we'll all eat like pigs. We always do. I'd love to see my mother's face if I came back from one of these trips and didn't make a bee-line for the refrigerator."

Martha had forgotten her resentment by Friday afternoon when her father dropped the four with all their gear at the rustic cottage beside a calm, deserted lake. Anne, usually

reserved, had been outspoken in her delight at the beautiful, primitive setting after they left the highway and crawled along a narrow, bumpy dirt road.

"How do you stay away from it?" she demanded, standing beside the car to look about her.

Even Martha found this wholehearted admiration disarming. "It's loads of fun in summer when everybody's here," she admitted, "but after school starts nobody has time to come."

"I'd find time," Anne declared. "Are there fallen nuts? And I want to find some of the finest leaves to take home. Is it too early for bittersweet?"

There was a flurry of activity as they shelved their supplies, arranged a cooking-dishwashing schedule and posted it, and made up two beds. Already pleasant smells were emanating from the kitchen while Anne and Sylvia brought in armloads of wood for the immense fireplace.

They laughed at themselves for building the fire, for the October evening was mild, but the faint smoke fragrance was pleasant, and without the odorous kerosene lamps the glow of

Plant A Carrot



Place a carrot top in a small amount of water, replace water as necessary and soon you'll have a fernlike plant.

the flames brought magic into the big central room.

"After breakfast I'll bring in lots of wood," Anne resolved. "Don't you keep a supply ahead, Martha?"

"What for? We just bring it in if we need it."

"But what if it snows?"

"We only come when the weather's nice," Martha said. "You can't get a car over that trail in bad weather, you know, and it's six long miles so we never hike in. We have to clear out in a hurry if there's as much as a half-inch of rain in summer. I remember once Mom was cooking a chicken when a rain came up, and she just pulled the pot off the stove and finished

cooking it when we got home."

"Anyway, you won't have time to collect wood in the morning," Kathy said, "because we're going to hike back to the old quarry."

"That's spooky fun," Sylvia said. "We always hike there when we're out in the fall."

"Bedtime," Martha proposed. "Let's start early."

The early start failed, as such resolutions will. After all was quiet Kathy woke the others by dropping a plate; she hadn't been able to resist raiding the pantry. Once awake, another snack seemed like a good idea for everyone. And rising with the dawn, when the air was crisp and chill and the blankets



"My foot!" cried Martha. The beam of Anne's flashlight picked out a figure

warm and comforting, had no charm at all.

Only Anne was stirring early, patiently bringing armloads of wood to the narrow porch and stacking them where they would be dry. "Someone will use it," she said placidly when Martha remonstrated.

They finally straggled off under a gray, leaden sky, with

Anne going back after they were started because she had forgotten knife and hatchet. She returned with the sheathed implements hanging from her belt. "Now I feel safer."

"There's no danger," Martha began hotly, but Kathy and Sylvia broke in, pointing out interesting things to Anne, averting arguments.



Illustrations by MARV FRIEDMAN

sprawled on the ground, her foot twisted at an odd angle.

Anne surprised them all with her knowledge, seeing exciting things first, identifying unusual shrubs, watching for the fascinating signatures small creatures had left in the guestbook of soft, muddy spots.

"You know an awful lot for a city girl," Martha observed, almost suspiciously.

"I've always loved the country," Anne admitted, and only Sylvia caught the evasive note in her answer.

The old quarry was, as Sylvia had said, spooky fun. Abandoned years before, its vacant mouth yawned darkly, almost threateningly, suggesting snakes and bats at the very least. Only Anne entered fearlessly, flashing her torch about curiously. "Why, it's dry!"

"It's deep," Sylvia answered. "Why? Did you expect it to be wet?"

"Lots of tunnels and caves are." Again there was evasion, Sylvia thought.

Shivering, giggling, the four pressed on past the wide opening into narrower shafts, exploring, teasing each other about getting lost. Anne moved slowly, surprising them with her knowledge of rocks, pointing out

oddities in the structure of the exposed walls. They lunched, washing down their sandwiches with water, now warm and a little stale, from their canteens.

"We should start back," Martha yawned. "It's a long hike."

Kathy suddenly shrieked, "It's snowing!"

"Oh, it can't be!" Martha cried, breaking into a run.

ANNE'S protest came too late. Martha outran the glow of the flashlights, failed to see a treacherous depression, and fell flat on the dusty, rough ground. With a rueful laugh she tried to rise, then sat down, lifting a distressed face to them. "My foot!"

It was an hour later before there was time to assess their situation. It had been a busy hour. Kathy and Sylvia were still brushing bits of bark and twigs from their clothes, but a fine heap of almost-dry firewood was inside the cave's mouth, waiting to feed the small, bright fire that Anne had kindled. Martha's swollen ankle was neatly taped and bandaged. Outside, great lazy flakes of snow drifted down from the

rapidly darkening sky. Already the ground was white.

"It could be so much worse," Anne said cheerfully.

"I'd like to know how," Martha grumbled.

"We mightn't have had matches. This place might have been damp, so we couldn't keep a fire going. Your ankle might have needed medical attention instead of simple taping. I'm grateful for the candy bars I had in my jacket pocket. Oh, I'm thankful for so many things!"

"I'm thankful you're here," Sylvia said simply. "We've been coming here for years and nothing ever happened before, and we're a fine lot of babes in the wood!"

"I wish Daddy'd come," Martha fretted.

"He may not," Anne warned. "He's probably checked on the weather reports, heard the snow won't amount to much, and will wait until tomorrow afternoon, when we wanted him to come. He knows we've food, shelter and warmth. Why should anybody worry about us?"

Martha burst into tears.

The quarry's spookiness lost its fascination long before complete darkness descended on them. Kathy found that every thought turned tormentingly toward food. Sylvia, usually calm, was ashamed because she wanted to snap at Martha when she complained.

Only Anne, quietly self-possessed, made herself comfortably at home in the gloomy quarry, tending the fire, consoling Martha, encouraging the others to move about and keep warm.

"It wouldn't have hurt us to carry blankets," Anne said regretfully. "I don't see why we didn't, really. Hard beds tonight, girls!"

ALL protested they couldn't possibly sleep a wink, but drowsiness eventually overcame them. Sylvia, rousing from sound sleep to realize that she was chilly and that her bones hurt, found Anne sitting crosslegged beside the fire, whittling at a long stick with the borrowed knife.

"A cane for Martha," she

whispered. "It's stopped snowing, and we'd better start back as soon as it's light. Are you starved?"

"Pretty hollow. I felt mean not going back to the cabin and bringing food, but I was afraid I'd get lost, Anne."

"I could have gone. I have a compass, but I thought we'd better stay together."

"Anne, did you expect this to happen?"

"Of course not! But I know what can happen, Sylvia. Last summer I took some little girls for a hike, just for a few hours, and we got lost. It was in the mountains and suddenly everything looked different."

"Weren't folks looking for you?"

"Of course, but we'd circled before I realized we were lost. I was too dumb to realize what was happening, you see, so it was my fault."

"I expect," Sylvia said shrewdly, "it was also your fault you found your way back, wasn't it?"

Anne smiled. "You want to sound reveille? We should be starting back."

Dirty, dishevelled, they

crept through the mushy snow, taking turns helping Martha. Only Anne moved lightly, with assurance, belittling their mishaps, promising rewards.

"You're like somebody dangling a carrot just beyond a donkey's nose," Kathy accused. "Hot water! Food! Warmth! Naps!"

ANNE laughed. "It's working, isn't it? There's the lake! I'll run on and have a fire going when you get there. If there's time I'll even have a can of beans opened!"

"I don't think she slept a wink," Sylvia said admiringly. "And look at her! Loaded down with all the things we couldn't bother to carry and tearing off like that."

"I'm so ashamed I called her a meddler," Martha whispered. Martha's dirty face was streaked with perspiration, and white beneath the smudges. In spite of the cane and her friends' help, the ankle was a blazing pain.

"You forgot there are two ways to spell the word," Sylvia said. "There's the reward kind — M-e-d-a-l!"

**autumn
leaf
fashions**

Designed for a long walk in the country, as well as for town talk, is this Jofeld Creations muted autumn leaf wool plaid, pile lined, walking suit. The straight cut, single breasted, fingertip coat has a well tailored look. The slim skirt is a flattering complement. 6-14 PT. \$35. Regenstein's, Atlanta.



Knitted beret by Cinderella.





**autumn
leaf
fashions**

City coats and their country cousins add needed spice to fall wardrobes. Opposite: left: Snuggle in an Orlon pile lined cotton poplin storm coat. Fluffy Italian lamb frames hood. Autumn green, gold or blue. Town & Country by Kute Kiddies. 7-14, \$19.95. Bloomingdale's, New York. Right: Morton Karten performs magical tricks with a single-breasted coat. Forest green suede cloth reverses to gay wool plaid. 6-16 PT, \$45. Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh. Above, left: For special occasions, every girl needs a handsome dress coat. White shetland wool style

has new, elegant leopard collar. Hi-Gale. 6-14 PT, \$55. Hutzler's, Baltimore. Right: Victory Girl's coat in wonderful deep red ribbed wool has a wide flat bow to set off the new neckline. 7-14, \$29.98. Albert Steiger, Springfield.

Headband by Harry Jay Treu, hat by Greenberg-Fisch

Tops are "it" for fall. Left: Regal's brushed Orlon cardigan has ribbed knit insert. T10-T16 PT, \$7.98. M. O'Neil, Akron. Flip touch, scarf by Accessories Unlimited. Right: Voguester's boldly striped bulky Orlon pullover 7-14, \$6.95. Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.



For indoors or out, furry fuzzy tops. Left: Stone green pile pullover with bulky rib shawl collar, wristlets and side tab trim. Origiknits. PT S, M, L, \$7.98. Fowler, Dick & Walker, Binghamton. Right: Real razz-ma-tazz. Shaggy Princeton Orlon jacket in a frankly wild gold argyle pattern. Attached hood. Wooden buttons. Mr. Teen. 8-14 PT, \$22.98. Stern's, New York. Slacks by Sherry Hill.

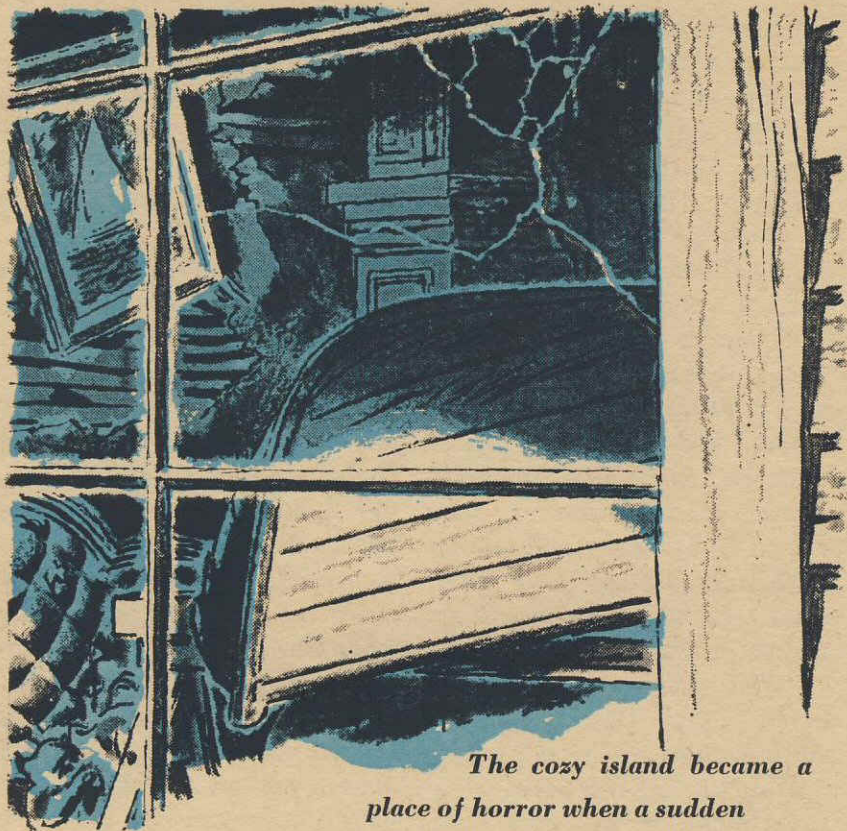
For where to buy fashions, write Fashions 10-60, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York. Be sure to specify the particular fashion that interests you.



Section photographed by Will Rousseau



"Sari!" cried Chris. "That looks like blood on the floor!"



*The cozy island became a
place of horror when a sudden
flash of lightning revealed*

The Corpse In The Bedroom

By PEG TYNDAL JACKSON

THE house stood bleak and lonely in the midst of its sandy prison. Since the lake level had gone down, water no longer lapped at the decaying piers which now stretched out high and dry like a mirage in a desert. A gust of wind tore at a loosened

shutter in an upstairs window, making it blink like an eye in the face of a living thing.

"Ugh, that place gives me the creeps," Chris Evans said with a shiver. The bow of the boat in which she was sitting cleaved slowly through tall weeds in the shallow water off shore.

"There's a funny feeling about that house even on a sunny day," said Sari, whose parents had a summer cottage right next to the Evans' on Lake Huron. "I think the man who owned it died there and no one in his family has been back since. It looks haunted, or maybe just sad."

"Well, sad or haunted or hexed," said Chris, "with a storm coming, I'd rather try to find shelter on the porch of it than huddle in this open boat when the sky up there cuts loose."

The day which had been so clear and bright and sparkling just moments before was, as so often happens on the Great Lakes, suddenly becoming dark and frightening. Waves farther out on the open water began to churn furiously, dashing white spray against the channel markers and treacherous jutting

rocks and dead branches.

"Let's pull the boat 'way up on the beach," Chris said as she hopped over the side into ankle-deep water. "I hope we make the house before the rain comes."

"Isn't it funny how we don't mind being wet from swimming, but it's so revolting to get soaked by cold rain?" Sari gave her friend a hand with the boat and then together they ran to the sagging porch of the huge old summer home. Both girls had on identical bermudas, cotton shirts, and tennis shoes. But there the similarity ended, for while Chris was round and compact, with a little pug nose, short brown hair, and friendly brown eyes, her friend, Sari Jones, was tall and slim with a pale yellow pony tail and eyes the color of aquamarines.

SARI peered through the window of the old Ross house. "Lovely furnishings in the living room," she mumbled. "Right in the middle of everything there is a boat turned upsidedown on two sawhorses. And all the stuffing's hanging out of the sofa. But say!" she shaded her eyes with her hands in order to

see more clearly, "there are newspapers and firewood and matches by the fireplace and we could probably get warm if we could only get inside."

Chris tried the knob, and the door opened as easily as if it had never been locked at all. Once inside it closed automatically behind them, and the girls gave startled gasps until they realized that the warped floor boards slanted toward the outside making the door close by its own momentum.

Chris darted a quick glance around the cluttered room. "Good grief, Sari," she cried. "There's dried blood on the floor!"

"Oh, quit kidding, Chris. Where?"

"Over there by the boat!" Wordlessly the two girls followed a trail of dark brown spots from the boat to the dining room beyond. Almost afraid to look but compelled, nevertheless, by the instinct that some living thing might be in trouble, the girls forced themselves to go on.

Suddenly Chris gave a whoop of relief. "Well, here's really a dead duck! Poor little old female mallard." Her eyes flew

up to a broken window pane where a few wisps of brown and white feathers on the jagged edge told the sad story of the limp little body that lay at their feet.

BOY, there's certainly a lot of blood from just one small duck," Sari observed. "See, the spots go on into the bedroom. Maybe a whole flock of the poor things got trapped in here." In the dimming light she made her way into the bedroom beyond while Chris followed along two steps behind. Sure enough, the body of another unfortunate duck lay just inside the door. Both girls made little pitying sounds. And then unexplainably, with one accord, they both felt a compulsion to look toward the bed.

For a moment it seemed as if even their breathing stopped, and they could neither move nor speak. Sprawled across the bed was the figure of a man. At least it appeared to be a man. It could have been a store dummy dressed in a torn, stained business suit. Or it could have been a sack of potatoes dumped in a heap—except for the face. It was the face that held the

girls spellbound in horror. A dark stubble of beard covered the man's chin and his eyes were dark circled and sunken.

"Is he dead?" Sari finally managed to whisper.

Chris forced herself to place her hand on his chest. "I think I feel his heart beating faintly. Or else my own is beating so hard I'm getting vibrations from it." She put her ear to his chest. "Yes, I'm fairly certain I hear something."

Sari's teeth began to chatter and it looked as if she might cry. "Let's get out of here!"

"Sari, you know we can't leave him! If he's alive he needs help."

"Well, let's go for help in the boat."

"Look out the window at those waves. As soon as we got out into open water we'd capsize."

Sari sank down on a chair and covered her eyes with her hands so she couldn't see the bed. "Of course you're right, Chris. Let's try to think what we should do!"

Chris picked up the man's limp wrist and decided beyond a doubt that she was feeling a pulse. For the moment, at least,

the man still lived. Instinctively she loosened the collar at his throat. She was afraid to lift his arms or legs to remove clothing, however, for fear that bones might be broken. Sari searched quickly in the bureau drawers and finally came up with two moth-eaten blankets. She flicked them over the man and Chris was just going to tuck them close around him when Sari noticed a shiny object in his lapel.

"Chris," she cried out excited-



ly, "those are flier's wings! I'll bet this is the man who disappeared in his private plane over the lake last Thursday. Remember how the helicopter was searching for him and the Coast Guard has been combing the whole area night and day?"

"You're right!" said Chris. "This has got to be the man. But how did he get in here? He must have dragged himself in from somewhere not too far away. I heard Daddy say this morning at breakfast that some

debris had washed up near the locks. Do you suppose his plane could have landed in the woods instead of on the water?"

While the girls were trying to figure this out, a terrific clap of thunder close by made it sound as if the whole house were in danger of crashing into its foundations. Immediately following this shocking sound came a deepening of the shadows in the bedroom. Now only flashes of lightning revealed the injured man on the bed.



Illustrations by JOHN J. FLOHERTY

Chris watched Sari's struggles. "I hope our plan works," she sighed.

"I think I saw a candle in a little jar on the mantle," Chris said. "We'd better get it and I think one of us should wet a towel in the lake and sponge off his face."

"I'll wet the towel and you can do the sponging," Sari hurried to say. She still had to force herself to remain in the room with the man. "What if he dies while we're all alone with him?"

Chris's round face, with its sprinkling of freckles, gleamed solemnly above the candle she had just lighted. "Wouldn't it be worse if he died all by himself? Golly, Sari, if only there were some way to get help! There's no telling how long this storm might last. It might take all night to blow itself out, and we don't know how much time this man has left."

When Sari brought the towel back, dripping with lake water, it was hard to decide which was wetter, the towel or the girl. Pouring rain drove against the windows. Sari crumpled newspapers for the fireplace, and laid sticks across the paper. Soon she had a fire going that began to take the chill out of her bones. Chris busied herself

with sponging off the man's face. At her touch the man stirred, and he painfully tried to swallow a drop of water that trickled over his lips. But he showed no other signs of regaining consciousness.

CHRIS," Sari called from the other room, "I could follow the shore around this island and if I was very careful to go between the channel markers, I'd miss the rocks. Then as soon as I got to the mainland I could telephone at Smith's cottage."

Chris didn't like to speak loudly so close to the injured flier, so she came to the doorway of the living room. "You know this lake just as well as I," she began. "Of course you could see the spar buoys that mark the channel, but you couldn't control the boat in those waves. You'd capsize in no time. I'll bet you couldn't even get the motor started in all this rain."

"O.K. You win," Sari said impatiently. "But how can we just stay here and do nothing? Maybe I could go out and send up smoke signals."

"Who'd see em? There're no cottages facing this island, and

this is the only home on the island. How could we make smoke signals anyhow in all this rain?"

"Maybe your mother will get worried about our being out in the storm and send the Coast Guard to look for us." And then both girls realized, with a sickening feeling in the pits of their stomachs, that Mrs. Evans had gone into town today to do grocery shopping. Not a soul knew they were out in the boat.

It had been such a beautiful day when they started out, Chris hadn't even thought to leave a note. The girls were always supposed to hug shorelines when they set out on their little excursions. It was quite unlike them to have ventured out across open water even as far as Sheep's Head Island, where they were now stranded with the injured man.

Glancing out the window, Sari suddenly noticed that the driving rain of a moment ago had stopped. The two girls stepped outside and felt only the steady drizzle that sometimes follows a hard-blown rain. White-topped waves still formed mountains and valleys of water in the deep part of the lake. A

Stamp Your Lampshade



Extra stamps from your collection, or stamps from the daily mail, will add a rich new look to your old parchment lampshade. Soak stamps from the backing paper and glue them to cover the shade. Spray the shade with shellac for a lasting finish.

goodsized log danced crazily on the crest of a huge wave until it was swallowed up in a whirlpool.

YOU know, Sari, if we could find a tar or oil barrel around here somewhere, and could get it burning on the pier, that's a form of distress signal. At least it *would* be if it were seen burning on a vessel. That's what it says in Daddy's book on maritime rules."

Now it was Sari's turn to sound discouraging. "Even if we could find a tar barrel, which I'm sure we can't, I don't see how anyone would connect a fire on a pier with a distress signal."

"You're right, Sari. No one would probably see it anyhow." Suddenly she became quite excited. "But what if we burned up the whole darned pier? That would certainly send up enough smoke and flame for someone to see. Let's get the gas can out of the boat and decide how to build the fire."

Relieved to have something constructive to do, the girls first decided to check their patient and then take all the old rags, papers, and kindling wood down to the pier to start the blaze

going. One look at the man in the bedroom, however, made them realize there had been a change in his condition. His face was ashen gray and his breathing was so shallow Chris thought at first it must have stopped altogether.

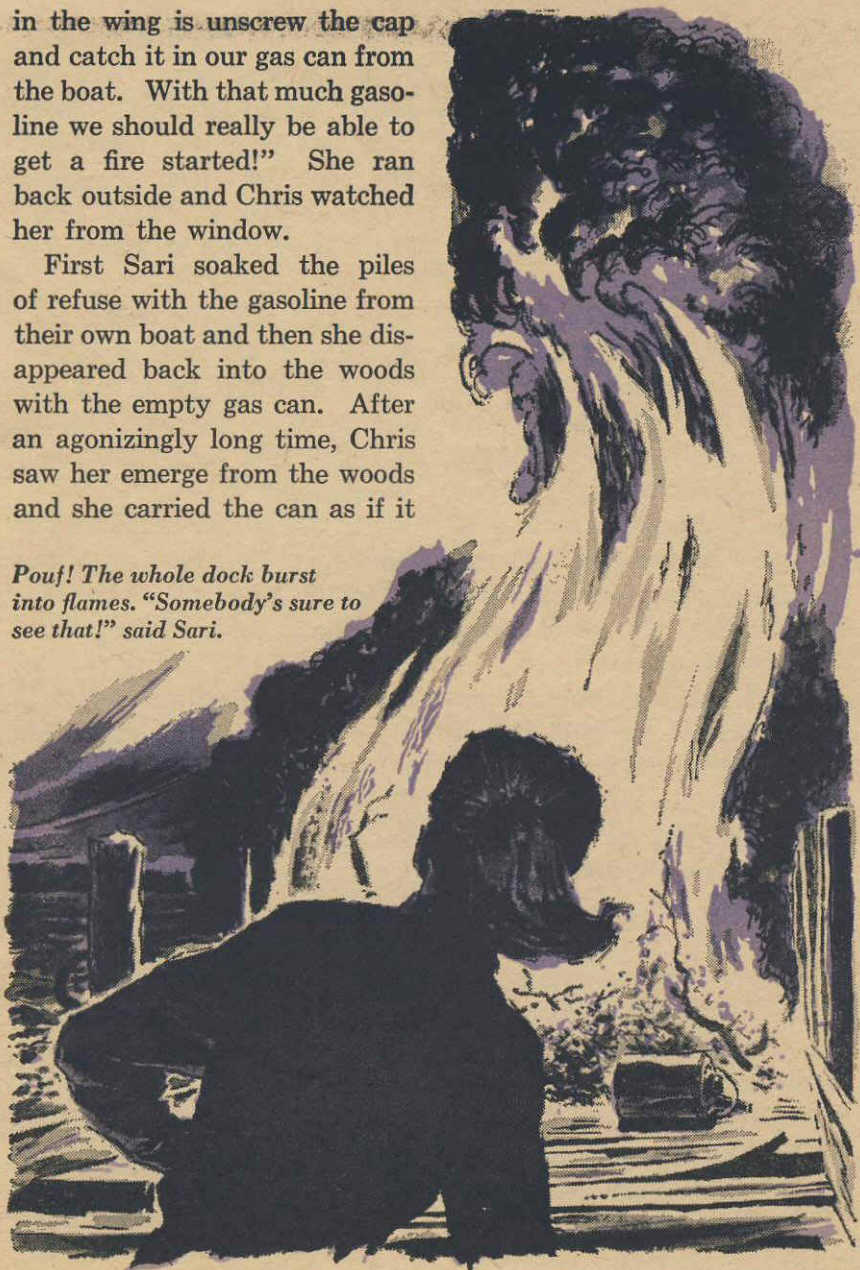
"I'd better stay here with him, Sari. You get things started outside the best you can." Chris sat by his bedside and held the man's hand, willing him to live with all of her power of concentration. As she looked up now and then from the tortured face, she could see Sari scurrying around the pier with materials for a fire. On one trip from the woods surrounding the house, Chris saw the slim, wet girl dragging a lot of dead branches which she suddenly dropped in a heap and started running toward the house as if something were after her.

"His plane's back there in the woods," she cried breathlessly as she came bursting into the bedroom. "One wing is caught in a tree. But the cockpit section is on the ground upside down, and the other wing is intact. All I'd have to do to get the gasoline out of the tank

in the wing is unscrew the cap and catch it in our gas can from the boat. With that much gasoline we should really be able to get a fire started!" She ran back outside and Chris watched her from the window.

First Sari soaked the piles of refuse with the gasoline from their own boat and then she disappeared back into the woods with the empty gas can. After an agonizingly long time, Chris saw her emerge from the woods and she carried the can as if it

Pouf! The whole dock burst into flames. "Somebody's sure to see that!" said Sari.



were very heavy. She poured this gas all up and down the pier, as far as it would go. Prayerfully, Chris watched her friend toss a match into the first pile.

Slowly, slowly, flames licked out from the original pile — *and then seemed to go out!* Chris' heart sank as she realized the pier was probably too wet from the rain to catch fire. And then suddenly, POUF! Flames shot along to the next pile and ignited a splintery section of the pier in between. Before long the ancient dock was burning furiously. Clouds of smoke rolled heavenward.

Surely someone would come now. "Just so the wind doesn't blow sparks at the house," Chris mumbled to the stranger on the bed. "That's all we'd need — to burn the house down!"

Just then the man shuddered convulsively and made a strange, rattling sound in his throat. Frantically Chris reached for his pulse. She was straining so hard to feel whether or not it had stopped that she was completely unaware of the sounds down on the beach.

No sooner had the whirring sound penetrated her conscious-

ness then she heard heavy footsteps on the porch and the hearty sound of men's voices. Sari held open the front door and soon two men bearing a stretcher between them stood in the door of the bedroom.

COAST Guard helicopter," one of the men explained. "We were still combing this area and when we saw the fire, we thought we'd better stop and investigate."

"So this is Mr. Franklin, our flier," said the man who was evidently a doctor, for immediately he got a stethoscope out of his bag. Chris hastily vacated her chair. "He isn't dead then?" She swallowed hard. "He made a funny sound in his throat a few minutes ago and I couldn't find his pulse."

"No, young lady. He is not dead. But I'd better see how badly hurt he is."

The girls left the room and saw again the two little ducks that had accidentally got into the house and died there. "More things stumble into this place," said Sari. "I'm certainly glad this duck was the only corpse in the bedroom." They took the ducks down to the beach and

scooped out a shallow grave in the sand.

In a short time the men came out with the wounded flier on a stretcher between them. The man and stretcher were then placed aboard the helicopter. Shaking hands with each girl, the pilot said, "You kids were very brave and clear-headed in the way you handled this situation. If you were my youngsters, I'd be mighty proud of you."

He went on, "I've reported by radio that we're bringing Mr. Franklin to the hospital at Sault Ste. Marie. And the Coast Guard cutter will be along in less than an hour to pick you up."

"Do you think Mr. Franklin will live?" Chris asked anxiously.

"I'm sure he'll make it," the doctor said. And then he shook his head in frank amazement. "He'd never have lived through another night here — and we'd never have spotted the wreckage of the plane from the air because the trees and underbrush are too dense. I wonder how you girls happened to come on this particular day when no one has been here all summer?"

"I guess we should give the storm the credit for saving his life," Sari said by way of explanation. "It was quicker to come across here when the storm blew up than to go all the way back home again. We wanted to find shelter in a hurry before the storm broke."

"And I'll bet we'll get the dickens from our folks for crossing the open water," said Chris. "You see, we're only supposed to follow shorelines, and we've never crossed like this before unless an adult was with us."

DON'T worry about your parents. I'll get in touch with them immediately and tell them the whole story before you get home. So long, kids!" said the doctor.

Chris and Sari watched the helicopter take off for the far shores on its errand of mercy. Just as it reached the horizon, between the murky gray of the sky and the slate gray of the lake, the storm clouds parted. A shaft of sunlight caught the gleaming metal and the helicopter looked as if it had suddenly turned into a solid silver dragonfly that was flitting purposefully across the water.



FLOWERS FROM PAPER CONES

By HELEN JILL FLETCHER

*Here's how you can make attractive decorations
easily and inexpensively*

YOU'LL be delighted with the color, beauty and fresh springlike quality of these flowers made from cone-shaped paper cups. The shape of the cone and the smooth, firm texture of the paper is perfect for making any kind of flower, without the necessity of forming and assembling individual petals.

There are many ways you can use drinking cone flowers: fasten a variety together to make bouquets, string similar flowers into garlands for decorating,

place clusters of small flowers on holiday and party cakes, pin small single flowers to place cards — the list is endless!

All you need to make a variety of single and composite flowers are white paper cones, either with or without rims (you can buy them in office supply stores or some supermarkets), fabric dyes or vegetable food coloring, pipe cleaners or thin wire, small paper baking cups, colored construction paper or crepe paper, two-hole buttons,



glue, corks and cloth scraps.

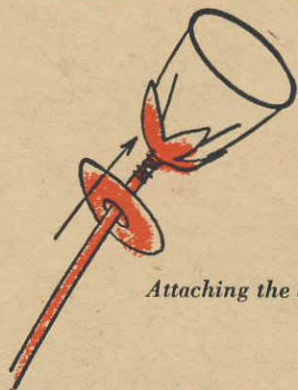
To color the cones, dip them in a bowl of warm fabric dye (following package directions for making dye) or in concentrated vegetable food coloring until the desired color is obtained.

STEMS, CENTERS, LEAVES AND CALYXES

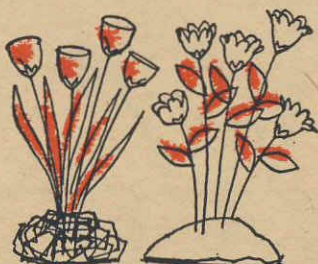
There are several different ways of making stems for cone flowers. 1) Use a green pipe cleaner, or tint a white one green. 2) Wind a $\frac{1}{2}$ " strip of

green crepe paper around a pipe cleaner or a piece of wire. To do this, apply glue to one end of the strip and wrap it from the top to the bottom, twirling the stem with one hand while holding the strip with the other. Glue the loose end. To make longer stems, twist pipe cleaners end to end before winding them in crepe paper.

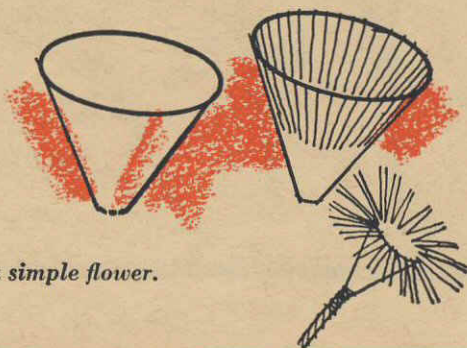
Centers, or stamens, can be made as follows: 1) Wrap 2" of the top of the stem in yellow crepe paper, gluing the loose end



Attaching the calyx.



Displaying the flowers.



Making a simple flower.

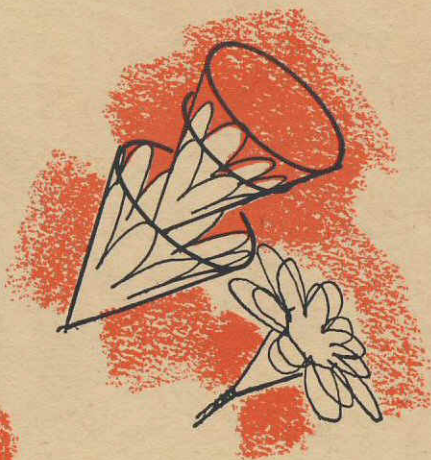
firmly. Bend the covered end into a hook, or loop, and push the other end through the bottom hole of the flower. 2) Tint one end of a white pipe cleaner yellow. 3) Push one end of a stem through the holes in a large two-hole button, and twist the stem below the flower. 4) Cut, and then fold, two or three pipe cleaners in half. Bend one end of a pipe cleaner, or a piece of wire, into a hook and anchor the

stamens in place. Trim to size. Cut small disks of construction paper or cloth scraps and glue to the center of the flowers. 6) Small colored crinkly paper baking cups can be crushed together slightly, and fastened in flower centers with a two-hole button and a pipe cleaner or wire.

Individual leaves can be cut from green construction paper, positioned on the stems, and then wired, glued or taped in



How to cut petals.



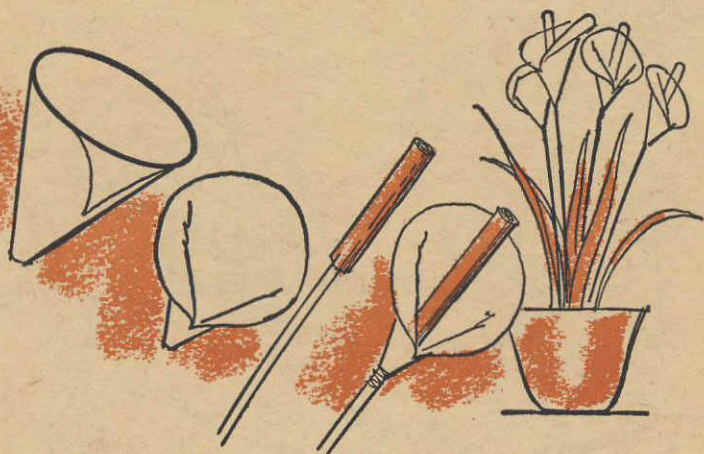
Making a composite flower.

place. Or you can cut out sprays of leaves from one piece of construction paper and then fasten them to the stems. Other leaf sprays can be made by cutting points along one edge of a narrow strip of green construction paper and then winding the spray, from top to bottom, around a stem.

To cover leaf and stem joints, wind strips of crepe paper around the joint.

To make the calyces, cut circles from green construction paper. Make a small hole in the center and push the calyx up the stem to the base of the flower. Mold and trim the calyx with a pair of scissors.

There are all sorts of gadgets you can buy to hold flowers in place or you can invent your own. Try tying individual flowers together with thin wire. Or crumple chicken wire into



Calla lilies are simple.

the base of a container and set the flowers into it. Perhaps you'd prefer to press modeling clay in the bottom of a vase or bottle and press the flower stems into it. You can even have a floating arrangement by cutting thin slices of cork and pasting them under your flowers, then floating them in a shallow dish.

SINGLE AND COMPOSITE FLOWERS

All flower shapes, whether simple or composite, must have a hole at the bottom into which the stem can be inserted. To do this, cut off the very tip of the

cone, or push a small hole through the tip of the cone with the pointed end of a compass.

Simple flowers are those which have a single layer of petals. Among these are Calla lilies, tulips, morning glories, nasturtiums, poinsettias and Canterbury bells. These flowers have stamens and a pistil clearly visible in the center. Make the flower shapes by fringing or scalloping the rounded edge of the cone. Curve the petals either up or down, over a pencil or a knitting needle.

Composite flowers are those



Tulips are easy to make.

which have two or more layers of petals, frequently forming a full cluster of petals in the center of the blossom, with stamens and pistils hidden from view. Composite flowers are made from two or more cones or the same or graduated sizes, placed within each other. Among composite flowers are daisies, daffodils, chrysanthemums, peonies, roses and garden irises.

To make Calla lilies, a simple flower, cut a tiny hole in the tip of a white cone. Flatten the cone along the seam and cut a shallow curve at one side. Open

out and carefully roll back the edge of the flower. Wrap and glue a thick covering of orange crepe paper about 2" deep at one end of the stem. Insert the stem into the hole in the flower allowing the orange end to protrude. Cut several long pointed leaves from green construction paper. Arrange leaves and flowers in a nice white bowl.

Tulips are easy to make, too. Cut a tiny hole in the tip of a dyed cone. Flatten the cone along the seam and cut shallow scallops. Use dark narrow paper strips for stamens. Anchor

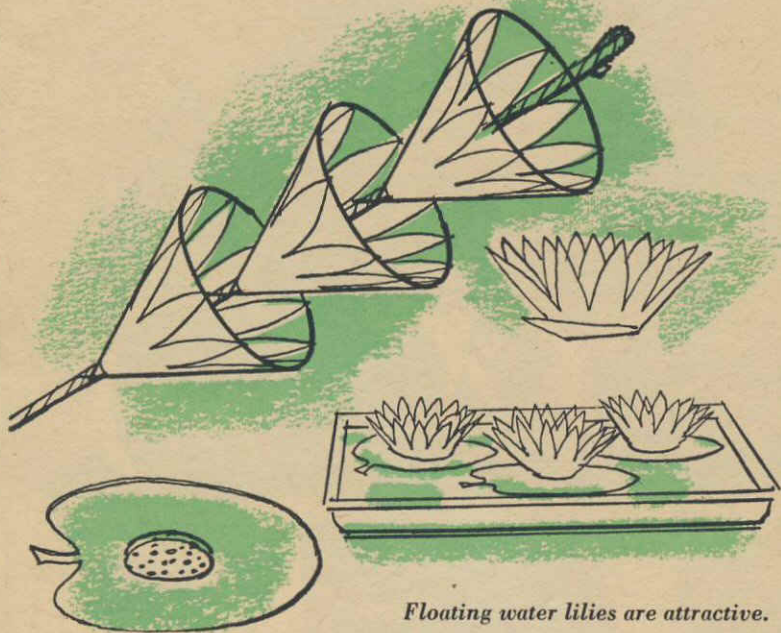


Chrysanthemums are composite flowers.

stamens in place with a pipe cleaner, and slip the stem through the bottom hole of the flower. Slip a small disk of green construction paper over the stem at the base of the flower and trim. Cut long pointed individual leaves. Arrange two flowers and two leaves in a tall vase.

Chrysanthemums are a bit more complicated, but they are very pretty. Cut a tiny hole in

the tips of three yellow cones. Cut a small portion away from the tops of two of the cones to make them graduate in size. Cut a very narrow fringe, 2" deep all around the rims of the cones. Curl the petals around a knitting needle. Make a hook in the end of a green pipe cleaner. Stack the flowers one inside the other. Put one end of the pipe cleaner with a hook inside the cones. Arrange the



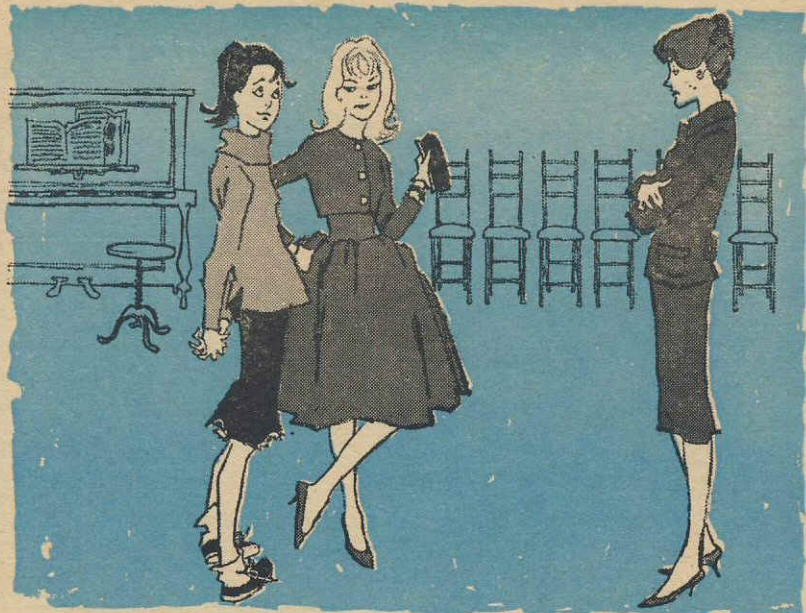
Floating water lilies are attractive.

petals to form a full flower. Place several chrysanthemums in a basket and surround them with autumn leaves.

For a floating floral display, make some water lilies. Cut a tiny hole in the tips of three white cones. Flatten them along the seams. Cut the tops of the cones into deep points. Stack the cones one inside the other. Make a hook in one end of a pipe cleaner and place it inside

the cluster. Twist the stem and cut it short. Cut two or three large leaf pads from green construction paper. Glue a small slice of cork to the underside of each leaf to make it float. Arrange the leaves and lilies in a shallow oblong container half-filled with water.

Once you get started on this project, you'll be able to develop your own ideas about making the flowers and arranging them.



Margo started out by dragging me to a dancing school, of all places! Then

IT was the last week end in October that Margo, my sister, discovered me — and it was too bad for *me*. All this trouble would never have happened if Margo hadn't gone off for this one year at a boarding school called Ivy Hall. She'd come home for the first time. And I was all wrong.

All through Sunday dinner Margo chattered a hundred miles an hour about Ivy and some creeps she'd met there called Doodie

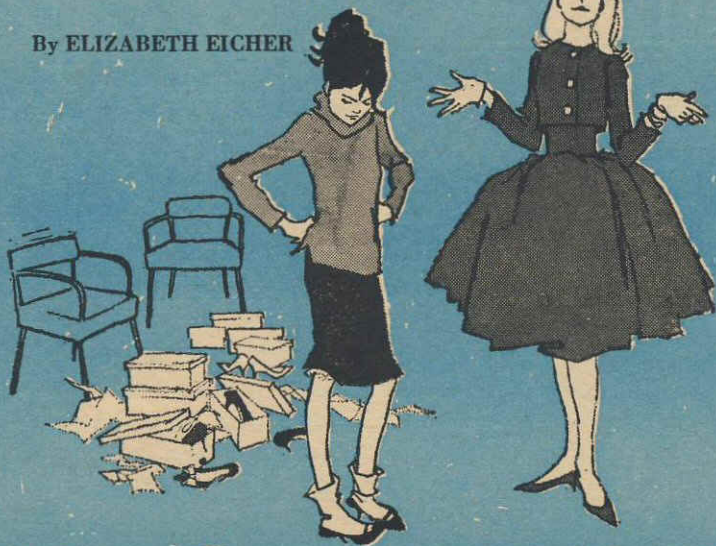
and Didi and Tutu. Not that I cared; I was busy with a drumstick. Besides, I thought it was silly to waste a good dinner talking about them.

After dinner my friends, Gretchen and Linda, came in and sat down on the couch beside me. Margo was chattering away until she saw us.

The Remaking of Cindy

She was an absolute mess who hated clothes and boys

By ELIZABETH EICHER



we went shopping all over town, and I was never so bored in my life!

"Just *look* at her!" she screeched, pointing her forefinger at me.

Dad looked at me and blinked. "Why, Margo, honey, what's the matter with her?"

"The *matter*?" Margo cried. "Just *look* at them! She will simply *ruin* my party. *Look* at her *sprawling* there. She looks like — like a *clod*!"

"Well, hey," I said. I was sort of at a loss for words.

"*Look* at that *srawl* —"

"But I'm full of turkey!" I yelped.

Margo turned to look at Mom.

"Isn't that disgusting? Full of turkey!"

"But I am!"

"Mother, *think* of the *impression* she'll make. *How* can I bring my friends here when she acts like that?"

"But honey," Mom began, "she's just a child —"

"She's totally unfamiliar with any of the social graces," Margo declared dramatically. "Mother, you've *got* to make her over. It's less than a month! You've *got* to!"

"Honey," Dad said, "it can't be done. You know they're the 'Last of the Mohicans.'"

That's Dad's joke, calling us

girls the 'Last of the Mohicans.' The Mohicans are some Indians a long time ago — maybe when Dad was a boy. He's been calling us that for a year now because we don't like boys. Boys — ugh! Who needs them?

DAD, it isn't funny," Margo said in an injured tone.

"Honey, you've just got to give them time," Mom said, which doesn't make any sense, but none of this whole conversation was making much sense.

Just because Margo was giving a party during Christmas vacation and had invited those silly school friends and the brothers of some of them, I was supposed to be made over. Anyway, Margo maneuvered Mom into agreeing that she could undertake a whirlwind campaign at making me over.

"Listen," I protested. "I don't *want* to be made over."

About that time Jeanie Belle, Margo's home-town friend, called her on the phone and she began blahing-blahing away all about Ivy and the wonderful boys who came to their parties and that kind of sickening stuff. I gave Gretchen and Linda the eye, and we slipped out.

"I'm doomed," I said.

"We're with you, Cindy," Gretchen said. "One hundred per cent. Margo's crazy."

"I know it!"

Dad went off right after breakfast next morning after giving me a pat on the shoulder and an injunction to "Be good." Then Margo announced that we — she and I — were going uptown on business and shopping, and I should get dressed for it.

We rode uptown and Margo led the way to a narrow stairs going up between two offices. Then I saw the gilt and black sign at the top of the stairs: Miss Potter's School of Dancing. "Hey!" I said.

Margo opened the door and practically bulldozed me inside. A tall slender woman with red hair glided up, and Margo began talking very fast about wanting to enroll her little sister — me! — in the beginners' class. "She needs the social graces."

"Nuts!" I said.

Miss Potter looked at me.

"Definitely!"

"Hey!" I said again.

"Pull your stomach in," Margo hissed at me. "Don't stand there like a child!" Then she and Miss Potter discussed

Bon Voyage



If you buy a going-away gift for a friend who's taking a trip, wrap the package in a road map. Trim the map to size and then tape it around the gift.

me as though I weren't there. It was decided that I would be enrolled in the Beginners' Class, Mondays and Thursdays.

We tramped down the stairs. "I won't go," I said. "You'll be gone and can't make me."

"You'll go," Margo said. "Dad's paid for the course. And there are no refunds. Oooh, look at that divine red dress." She gazed in Haywood's big window.

A slinky-looking manikin in a silly red dress was bent over backwards. "Look at *her* tummy," I said.

"Oh, don't be silly," Margo said. "That's the *way* to stand. Come on." She pulled me into Haywood's and we rode up to the sixth floor. Margo made me try on silly-looking dresses, and finally charged one "on approval." Next, the shoe department.

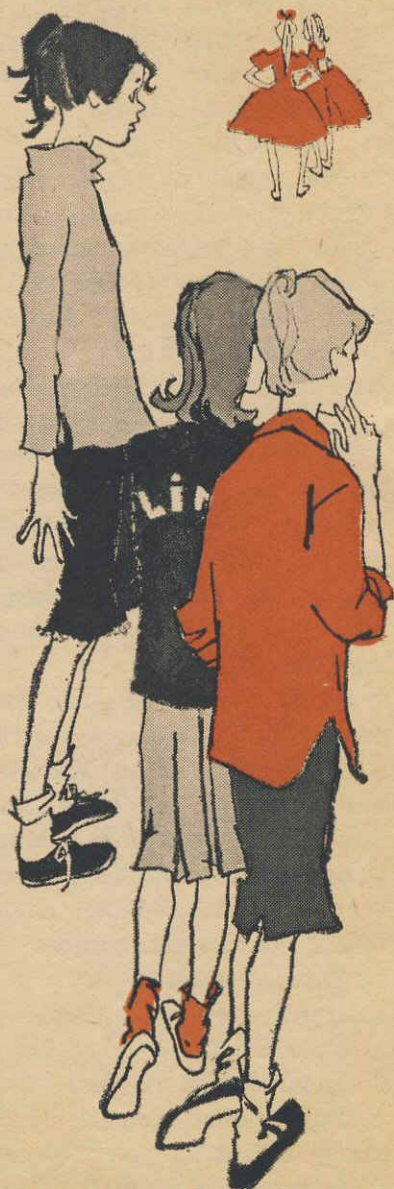
"What's wrong with *these* shoes?" I yelped.

"With a party dress? Honestly, Cindy!" She looked scornful. I eyed the patent leather ones balefully.

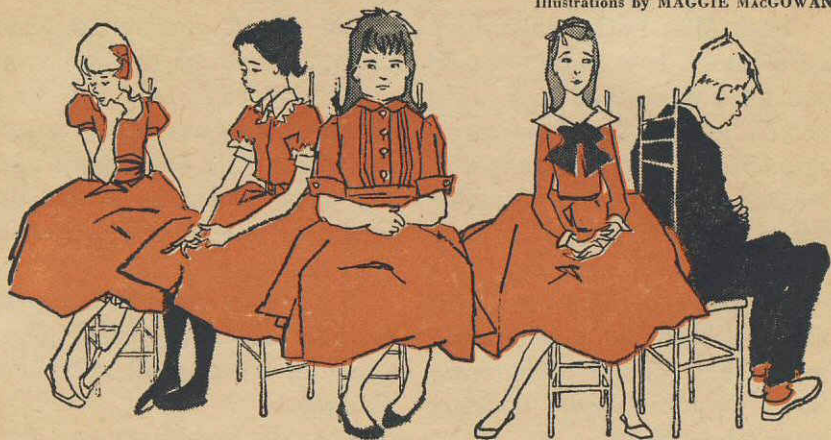
"They'll still look silly with my white socks," I said.

"White socks!" she screeched.

It was the most depressing



We never saw such an unhappy crew as those kids at the dancing school.



shopping trip I've ever gone on.

Saturday was even worse. We practiced things, like walking, and sitting down, and standing up. As if I didn't know how to do those things! Margo yelped about my standing on my two feet.

"You want me to stand on one foot, like a stork?"

"Don't be silly. Put one foot in front of the other, like models. No *crossways*. This way."

I tried, wavered, grabbed air to regain my balance, and smashed onto the floor. Margo groaned. I don't know which of us was more relieved when Margo boarded the train for Ivy Hall.

Monday I was due at Miss Potter's. Gretchen and Linda

said they'd go along. "We want to help you, Cindy," Gretchen said, "through your trouble."

"We'll be on the side lines," Linda said. "We'll stick together."

"And against boys," Gretchen added.

"Against boys," we agreed.

Miss Potter wasn't exactly delighted to see Gretchen and Linda but she said that since they were there they could sit in the mothers' row of chairs. There were twice as many girls as boys, and the boys who *were* there were all red-faced and scowling. The girls were either fat ones who looked sheepish, or skinny ones who looked like they were made out of soda straws.

Then Miss Potter gave a big spiel about how a boy should ask for a dance and how a girl should accept, and how to sit down and stand up, and after we practiced for about a million hours, Miss Potter said "Good-bye, see you on Thursday."

We clumped down the stairs. Gretchen and Linda were shaking with giggles. "That crazy boy," Gretchen said, "honestly wasn't he awful?"

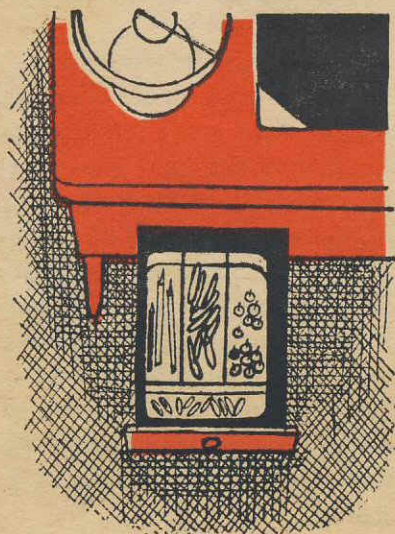
"They *all* were," Linda said. "Cindy, I feel so sorry for you." Then they burst into gales of laughter again.

All the way home they simply howled, except now and then

Linda would give me a little credit. "I loved the way you stuck out your foot and that carrot-headed boy fell over it," she said. "And I loved the way you kept your nose turned up in the air when that tow-headed runt danced with you."

"I had to," I said. "Other wise his hair tickled my chin. Gee, think of wasting all this time this way."

The girls were ready to waste more time on Thursday afternoon. Miss Potter looked at us and then looked away, as though she couldn't stand the sight. Then she clapped her hands, and we had to begin.



A Tray For Your Desk

A plastic silverware tray in your desk drawer to hold pencils, paper clips, rubber bands, and so forth makes these items easy to find and keeps your desk neat.

After a million hours that lesson was over and we three went down the stairs again. But Gretchen and Linda were strangely quiet. They didn't giggle or anything, and once when I mentioned that carrot-top boy, Gretchen asked if I meant the one with beautiful auburn hair. I couldn't understand the change in them. I was worried.

Well, if they were sick, by the following Thursday they were a lot sicker. I'd noticed that on Monday they both sort of looked reproachfully at me different times, and by Thursday they were as voluble as Miss Potter. They criticized. Everything I did was wrong. I should have done it thus and so — like Harry and Teddy, for instance. They argued with me all the way home.

It made me feel so bad that I got sick and couldn't go on Monday. But they went. Imagine! *They* went to *my* lesson. They not only went, but they stopped by afterward to tell me what everyone had done, everyone being Harry and that cute Teddy and Sammy.

"Gretchen! Linda!" I cried. "What's wrong? What's the matter? You've changed!"

OH, DON'T be silly, Cindy," Linda said. She sounded exactly like Margo had. And then they began talking to each other about what Sammy'd said or Teddy'd done, as though I wasn't even there. I might as well have been a hassock for all the attention they paid me.

I couldn't believe it. We weren't a threesome any more. I tried everything I knew to bring back old times, and nothing worked. They just acted more and more like Margo.

There were two more lessons. Gretchen and Linda went with me only they weren't *with* me if you know what I mean. They walked a step ahead of me, and gabbled to each other all the time.

This was a sort of special night, too, because the Advanced class and the Beginners' class were meeting together. This was so that the Beginners could get pointers on how things were done,

Miss Potter had said. So if ever I needed the support of the others, it was tonight — and they weren't even letting me *walk* with them. I felt worse than awful.

WE WENT up the steps. Gretchen was babbling. "Maybe we'll start tonight. We could, don't you think?"

"Start what?" I said.

"Sure," Linda said. "We've been to all the lessons."

"Start *what*?" I said, louder.

"Oh, Cindy, for goodness' sake, don't screech so," Gretchen said. "Start in the Advanced class, of course."

"You?" I said.

"Of course. Why not?" She tossed her head. "We haven't missed a lesson."

"But those were *my* lessons," I cried.

"And much good they've done you," Linda said. "Oh, look, Teddy's coming up the stairs! Oh, uh, and as I was telling you, we had the most gorgeous — Oh, Teddy! Hello! I didn't see you come in!"

"'Scuse me," Teddy said, and shot by them and into

Miss Potter's as though he'd been jet propelled.

"Oh, well," Linda said, shrugging, "he's shy."

I just looked at her.

We went in, and the place was buzzing. That is, the Advanced class was buzzing, and the Beginners stood around on the edges looking as though they were holding up the walls.

Miss Potter bustled right over, but before she could say anything, Gretchen and Linda began chattering both at once.

"We want to enroll, too, in the Advanced class, of course. We thought we might as well start tonight" they chattered.

"The classes are already full," Miss Potter said. "There'll be no new members until the new series in January. And of course you'll have to join the Beginners' course if you do enroll."

"But we already *know* all the Beginners' stuff," Linda cried.

"I think I'm the judge of that."

They gulped. You could hear them.

"You mean, we can't even



I felt a little sorry for Linda and Gretchen, but I was having a ball!

stay?" Gretchen screeched.

"You are so right," Miss Potter answered.

"But . . . but . . ."

Just then somebody started the record going, and the boys from the Advanced class didn't stand around waiting like the Beginners do. One of them came straight toward me.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance?" he asked. "My name is Roger." And he bowed,

and when he bowed he bowed as though he was limber and not like a mechanical robot.

I looked at Gretchen and at Linda. Their eyes were big, their mouths were open, they looked stunned, and sort of lost all at the same time.

"Oh, thank you, I'd love it," I said, and I managed to put my hands in the right spots and this boy swung me off as though I were a ballerina. I mean, I

didn't fall over my feet or anything, or drop my evening bag, or try to go backwards when *he* was going backwards.

This boy swung me around, and I could see Linda and Gretchen again, and I gave them a radiant smile. They looked so forlorn, so . . . so . . . well, out of things. They both waved a pitiful little wave that looked as though they didn't have the strength of a butterfly. And then this boy was swinging me around in the other direction — and I still hadn't fallen over my feet.

I looked around, and I saw that all the beginners didn't have boys — partners, I mean — and they looked as though they were trying not to look sorry for themselves. But I felt sorry for them. I felt lucky, too, because this boy had picked me. I sort of stole a look at him, and he looked as though he were enjoying it and not just dancing because somebody made him. And then the record ended, and

it was over, and I *still* hadn't fallen down!

"Want to try another?" he said.

And I forgot all about thanking him. I just said, "Gee, yes." And we started off, and it was a real good feeling.

ALL of a sudden I was happy that Margo's party was coming soon. If it was going to be fun like this — with boys!

And then I thought of Gretchen and Linda, and I knew we could be a threesome again, only different. After they learned, too.

"You know why I like to dance with you?" this boy said. "Because your nose wriggles, like a rabbit's."

"Honest?" I said. I smiled back. Wasn't that cute of him? Smart, too, to notice it. I took a deep breath. I could hardly wait for Margo and her party to come. Would her eyes pop when she came home from school and discovered *me*!

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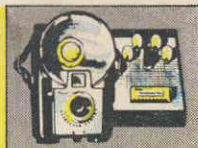
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